# HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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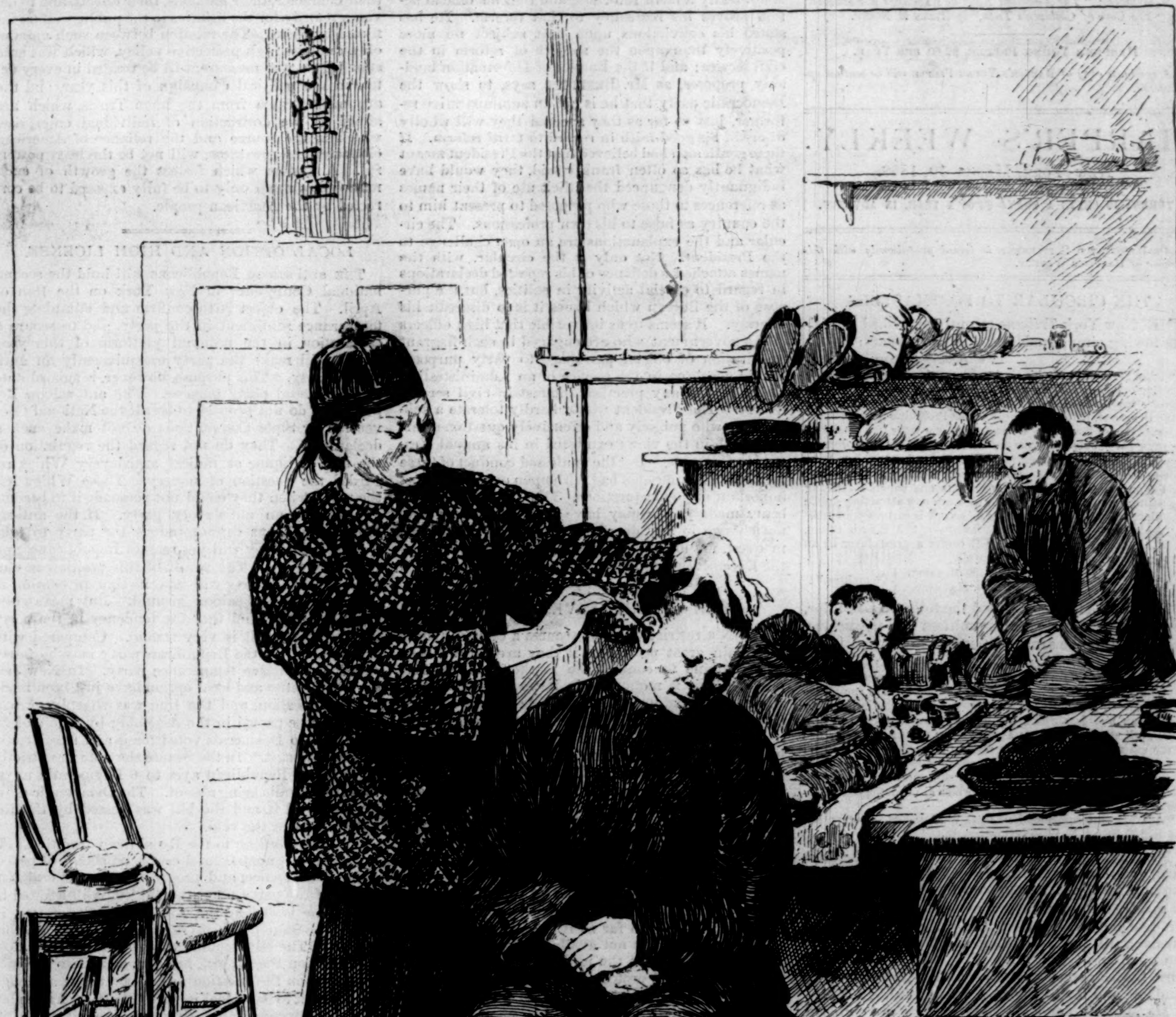
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



"AN EAR SHAVE."—SKETCHED FROM LIFE IN THE CHINESE QUARTER OF NEW YORK BY FREDERICK BARNARD.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

"Harper's Young People has deservedly gained a national reputation. It is entirely adapted to its class of readers, ably edited, extensively and elegantly illustrated, and comes weekly to its numerous readers freighted with good things."—*Journal of Education, Boston.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

*The number for March 6th contains the fourth instalment of the serial "The Household of Glen Holly," by* Lucy C. Lillie; *"How Jack Folsom Took Poison," by* Frank Marshall White; *and a short story by* David Ker.

*The third and last of* Mr. Brander Matthews's *short papers on "Robert-Houdin, the French Magician," "Printing from the Negative" (in* Mr. Black's *series on Photography), and an article on Anagrams, are among the attractive miscellaneous articles.*

A SUPPLEMENT

*contains three articles, namely, "Piano Lessons and Practice," by* A. M. Merrick; *"The Awkward Age," by* Margaret E. Sangster; *and "The Care of Children's Teeth," by* Helen M. North.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, March 10, 1888.

**TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.**

*An* Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

## THE CIRCULAR TO POSTMASTERS.

THE New York *Tribune* recently published the following circular addressed to postmasters:

> "Washington, *February* 18, 1888.
>
> "Dear Sir,—Will you kindly furnish us with a list of the names of all voters who receive mail at your office, indicating by a letter opposite the name of each the party to which he belongs, thus: D for Democrat, R for Republican, P for Prohibitionist, and L for Labor. Where there may be more than one voter in a family of the same party, only one name need be furnished. If the preparation of a full list should require much time, send partial lists from time to time until all have been included. These lists are desired for the purpose of distributing documents and papers discussing the political questions and issues which are now attracting public attention, and your co-operation in this work is earnestly invited.
>
> "Address C. W. Bennett, Esq., Secretary, 512 Eighth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. You will confer a great favor by an early response. Very respectfully,
>
> "Th. E. Benedict, }
> "I. H. Maynard, } Committee."

Two days later it published the following circular, addressed to Democratic committees and politicians, and signed by the same gentlemen:

> "Dear Sir,—A copy of the enclosed letter has been sent to each postmaster in your town. It is highly important that the information sought should be furnished at once. Will you please call upon each postmaster in your town, and aid him in promptly making up and forwarding the list of voters desired, and also make such suggestions to us as may occur to you with reference to the most efficient manner in which the work we are engaged in may be prosecuted. With your co-operation much good may be accomplished in your community by disseminating correct political information upon the subjects which are claiming the attention of the people.
>
> "Address all communications to C. W. Bennett, Secretary, No. 512 Eighth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

Mr. Maynard is the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Benedict is the Public Printer. In explanation Mr. Benedict says that he gave his name as a reference to a bureau of political information, but had never seen a circular. Mr. Maynard says substantially the same thing, and Mr. Benedict adds the opinion, in which Mr. Maynard evidently concurs, that he considers "the undertaking perfectly laudable and legitimate, and very useful."

Mr. Maynard and Mr. Benedict are not children, and those who read their circulars in the light of their explanations are not fools. As officers of the government, they have authorized a partisan bureau to use their names as references because of their official weight, and apparently they are not disturbed by a forged use of their names in a way which necessarily brings the President into public contempt. The circular is totally at variance with the President's circular to officers of the government, dated July 14, 1886, and it illustrates vividly the truth of the views expressed in his letter of acceptance of August 18, 1884:

> "When we consider the patronage of this great office [of President], the allurements of power, the temptation to retain place, once gained, and more than all the availability a party finds in an incumbent whom a horde of office-holders, with a zeal born of benefits received and fostered by the hope of favors yet to come, stand ready to aid with money and trained political service, we recognize in the eligibility of the President for re-election a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate, and intelligent political action which must characterize a government by the people."

By lending themselves to this business the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and the Public Printer place themselves with the "horde of office-holders" whose action the President denounces as a most serious danger to the public welfare. But the public offence and the insult to the President are made still more flagrant by a remark of Mr. Benedict to the reporter of the *World*. He said that one of the documents to be distributed by this bureau is Senator Hale's speech upon what he holds to be the recreancy of the President to the cause of civil service reform. "The object of this," said Mr. Benedict, "is to let the people know that this is not the kind of administration that many persons think it is." That is to say, the President being taken at his word, and supposed to be a civil service reformer, the Democratic party is to be shown by facts adduced by a political opponent that his professions are false, and that he is no reformer at all. And this performance Mr. Benedict says that he considers to be "perfectly legitimate and laudable and useful."

With this statement of Mr. Benedict's this action is as signal an insult to the President as if the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and the Public Printer had countenanced as "references" the dissemination of a document to prove that the President is not really a tariff reformer, and that his official action proves his recreancy to that reform. He has stated his convictions upon that subject no more positively than upon the subject of reform in the civil service; and if the Bureau of Information laudably proposes, as Mr. Benedict says, to show the Democratic party that he is not an administrative reformer, just so far as they succeed they will wholly discredit his good faith in regard to tariff reform. If these gentlemen had believed that the President meant what he has so often frankly said, they would have indignantly denounced the illicit use of their names as references to those who proposed to present him to the country as false to his own professions. The circular and the explanations are an open challenge to the President. Not only is the circular, with the names attached, a defiance of his repeated declarations in regard to official activity in politics, but the purpose of the Bureau which issues it is to discredit his honesty. It seems to us impossible that high officers of the government who are engaged in such flagrant prostitution of official patronage to party purposes should continue in the service of an Administration which retains any practical interest in civil service reform. The President would hardly tolerate a subordinate who publicly and offensively questioned his good faith in the views expressed in his annual Message to Congress. But the confessed conduct of these gentlemen assumes his bad faith upon one of the most important of public questions. That the circular upon being made public may have been abandoned does not change in any degree the action of the officers in question, nor what seems to us the plain duty of the Executive since the facts are made known.

## THE "TRUST" INVESTIGATION.

When a restrictive tariff secures a certain market to certain great producers, if they are shrewd they will combine to control the market and regulate prices. This is monopoly in its most odious form, and it is the natural and legitimate result of a high protective tariff. The argument for such a tariff, indeed, has been that it lowers prices by stimulating domestic competition. The answer to the argument is the Trusts which are now rapidly organizing all over the country, and whose nature and purpose are disclosed by the investigation which was lately held in New York. It is a plausible argument that if foreign competition in the sale of certain products is excluded from a country, the enterprise of the protected producers will lead to a brisk rivalry, and to the maintenance of a price for the domestic product below that of the foreign product with the duty added. So far as it goes, the argument is plausible. But it is not available even then unless it can be shown that the uniform result is to supply those who are not protected with the domestic product at a price as low as the foreign product without the duty. This is because the higher price is a tax upon the unprotected buyer for the benefit of the producer, and a tax for which the buyer receives no consideration.

The argument, however, which is only plausible and not sound in the case supposed, disappears at once when in consequence of the protection prices are regulated by a monopoly. The tendency of invention of every kind, and of the whole industrial and material movement of the age, is to association and organization upon the largest scale. The great dealers outbid the little ones, the vast companies and corporations absorb individual enterprises. Let the production and the consumption of sugar, for instance, in this country be accurately known, let the comparatively few great sugar houses be computed, and the tariff be determined, and some bold and comprehensive mind will perceive the practicability of a vast combination which, with due regard to all the facts, will promise an average advantage beyond that of separate and competitive activity. This scheme, which seems startling, and would have been impracticable at other times and under different conditions, becomes practicable under existing conditions in a country from which the competition of the world is excluded. The very domestic rivalry which is stimulated by exclusion of the foreign product under the marvellous development of invention results in immense over-production. The situation is artificial. The domestic demand is not adequate for the supply. The foreign demand is practically shut off, and if human ingenuity can secure to a monopoly of production a similar monopoly of price, the problem is solved.

A power then arises which is new to the law, which destroys competition and controls prices both of labor and of the product of labor. The object of the late investigation was to discover the precise character of this power. Great corporations, partnerships, and companies are creatures of the law, and are regulated by the law. But combinations may be formed under smooth names and aspects which are practically conspiracies, and hostile to public policy. They are in this sense public enemies. Private persons and individual partnerships and associations are helpless to contend with them. There is no public duty more imperative than to ascertain their character, their methods, their effects, and to devise a remedy for the injuries to the public welfare inflicted by them. The relation between such monopolies and the high protective policy, which was substantially a war measure, will be treated in every detail in the political campaign of this year, and the argument drawn from the huge Trusts, which are aimed at the destruction of individual enterprise, which is the source and the reliance of American character and greatness, will not be the least powerful. A system which fosters the growth of such monopolies needs only to be fully exposed to be corrected by the American people.

## LOCAL OPTION AND HIGH LICENSE.

The anti-saloon Republicans will hold the second national Conference in New York on the 18th of April. The object is to confirm and stimulate the temperance sentiment in the party, and to secure a declaration in the national platform of this year which will make the party unequivocally an anti saloon party. This purpose, however, is subordinate to the general party purpose. The anti-saloon Republicans do not propose to bolt if the National Convention or State Conventions do not make such a declaration. They do not regard the regulation of the sale of liquor as radical antislavery Whigs regarded the question of slavery. Those Whigs left the party when they could not persuade it to become distinctively an antislavery party. If the anti-saloon Republicans cannot induce the party to take their ground, they will yet remain Republicans, and bide their time. The result of this position is naturally that the party will take its time in coming to the complete anti-saloon ground. But meanwhile there is no question that the tendency in the party toward that result is very strong. Compared with the Democratic, the Republican party may be fairly called a restrictive temperance party. In New Jersey high license and local option have just been made a party question, and the line was sharply drawn. The bill was passed in the Assembly by a vote of 34 to 26. Two Democrats voted for it and five Republicans against it. In the Senate the vote was strictly partisan, 12 Republican ayes to 6 Democratic nays, three Democrats being absent. The Democratic Governor vetoed it, and the bill was passed by the Republicans over the veto.

This is according to the Republican tradition. It is war upon ignorance and crime, on behalf of peace, order, intelligence, and progress. The general tendency of the party upon the subject is illustrated in a circular issued by the Anti-saloon Committee, in which the State platforms of the two parties are contrasted. The last Republican national platform does not mention the subject, and the candidate declined to vote upon the question in his own State, although declaring it to be a local issue. The Democratic platform denounced sumptuary laws in general. Of thirty State platforms, the Democratic generally approve the national declaration, but ten of them favor license, while the Republicans are plainly hostile to the saloons. In the few instances cited by the circular the Southern Republican Conventions favor the submission to the voters of a temperance amendment of the State Constitutions. Yet it is not questioned that the colored Republican vote was thrown for the saloon in several of the Southern States. But this fact does not affect the general truth that as between the two parties it is the Republican which tends to be the temperance party, and that no effective restriction of the liquor traffic is to be expected from Democratic ascendency. It is, however, no less true that there is a Republican faction which deprecates stringent liquor laws, as alienating a saloon interest which the faction wishes to retain in the party. The power of this faction is seen in the obstruction offered by it in the Republican Legislature of New York to the passage of the Crosby high-license bill, while at the Brooklyn high-license meeting Mr. Seth Low and Mr. Walter Howe spoke for the better conviction of the Republican party.

It is with this liquor faction that the anti-saloon Republicans continue in alliance for what are called the great Republican objects, and if these Republicans can bring the party to their position, it will be at the cost of excluding the liquor Republicans from the party. It is because of this temperance tendency that the Prohibitionists are especially hostile to the Republicans. They hold that the real question is one of morals, and that the compromise of license is a virtual legalization of crime. But the question of the treatment of the acknowledged evil is one of expediency, and the answer depends upon many considerations. The best present measure is high license and local option, and to that conclusion what may be called the average temperance sentiment of the country undoubtedly inclines. In the Republican party that feeling is so strong that the measure may become the party policy, as in New Jersey. But its adoption will not be hastened by the declaration of its friends that while they think it ought to be adopted, they will yet support the party regularly, even if it be rejected or postponed. The party managers will naturally say that they are sure of the anti-saloon vote whether its policy is adopted or not, and as its adoption would alienate the liquor vote, they will retain both by postponing decisive action.

## THE C., B., AND Q. STRIKE.

The story of the miners' strike in Pennsylvania and of the engineers upon the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad show that the questions involved are not now sought to be peremptorily settled by either side. They are becoming more and more subjects of frank discussion and of final arbitration, except where one side is plainly wrong, and is fairly condemned by public opinion. The combinations of organized capital are so strong, and the truth expressed in the old saying that corporations have no souls is so obvious, that the similar combination of the labor which makes capital effective was natural. This organization is made upon a scale commensurate with the other, and in this fact is to be found the probable ultimate understanding between the two. The essential question involved is the fair distribution of the product of the co-operation of labor and capital, and it is a great mistake to assume that labor is not as conscious of its power or as reasonable in its view as capital. The history of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, as stated by Chief-Engineer Arthur in the columns of the Weekly some time ago, is that of an intelligent, sagacious, and right-minded body of men. A strike which has his approval is not to be dismissed as necessarily a frantic and foolish movement which all good citizens must condemn. The railroad company is clearly of this opinion, for it has drawn up an elaborate statement of its reasons for refusing to assent to the demands of the engineers.

This is a much wiser course than that which is often recommended under such circumstances, and which consists in exhorting the company to declare that the road is its property, and that anybody who does not like its terms of employment may quit. A man may say so to a groom or a gardener, but it is not wise for a railroad company to say so, unless the demands are palpably unfair and inadmissible. In the Reading strike, Mr. Corbin stated the whole case carefully and conclusively, and his statement was not seriously traversed. It was generally approved by the public, and the result was not only that the strike practically ended, but the action of the Tamaqua assembly of miners shows that their good sense has triumphed, and they propose hereafter to confer and arbitrate instead of striking, and Mr. Corbin has already expressed his willingness to consider candidly all demands. This is just and satisfactory. Undoubtedly power upon both sides may be grievously abused, and capital has one enormous advantage over labor in a dispute, which is that it can remain inactive and tire out the other side. Labor has no reserve fund of importance, and as it is pinched more and more by privation, it tends naturally to solve the question by violence. But it is an advantage upon its side that prolonged paralysis of the operations of a company formed for profitable traffic arouses its stockholders and the public to demand resumption of its activities. This tends to lessen the advantage of the reserve fund.

In the C., B., and Q. contest the attitude of the strikers already commands more respectful attention than any similar movement in the country has ever done. This is due to the fact, which we have already mentioned, of the intelligent and reasonable position upon such subjects which the Brotherhood has always taken, and to the remark of the leaders that they propose to respect all the vested rights of the company, and not to interfere with the substitution of new men for the strikers. This is the strongest possible evidence of their conviction of the reasonability of their action, and it lays upon the company the necessity of the most explicit justification of its course. The ultimate, and in this instance the immediate, sufferer from the interruption of transport upon a great trunk railway is the public, and it is of the highest importance in a general and deliberate strike like that on the C., B., and Q. that public sympathy and approval be gained. Even the journals which are accustomed to prejudge all strikes as mere causeless and foolish conspiracies against the public convenience and private rights have admitted that in this instance great care must be taken in forming an opinion. This result alone is very significant, and to labor unions of all kinds it is very instructive. It shows that there is a public disposition to treat all such differences fairly; and this disposition is due, more than to any other single cause, to the discreet, moderate, and sensible conduct of the Brotherhood. But the great gain, as we began by saying, is the increasing willingness to regard such differences not as those of masters and serfs, but of equal citizens.

## A FAMILIAR SCHEME.

The usual application for a sectarian diversion of the public-school money has been made at Albany. It comes from the New York Catholic Protectory, which asks that the city may pay for the support of its school. The argument is that it is an excellent institution, and as much entitled to public support as some other institutions. It is not denied, however, that it is a strictly sectarian school, and the request is in direct violation of a fundamental public principle. The consideration upon which this effort is constantly renewed seems to be that persistence will exhaust the Legislature, and induce it to make the grant in order to stop the importunity.

There is also, of course, the expectation that the party desire to propitiate what is called the Catholic vote will lead the majority, whatever it may be, to yield the point for a party advantage. This, however, is not an argument likely to avail with a Republican majority, and which even a Democratic majority would turn aside from, from apprehension of a party identification with a course which would be very repugnant to the best national sentiment. The real reliance of such an application is the aid given to other sectarian or partly sectarian institutions, and the conclusive answer to it would be the fact that no such aid is given.

The bill of the Protectory has not yet been reported for action, and it is hardly probable that it will be very strenuously urged at present. But even the proposition should be generally known and condemned, that the Legislature should not suppose the public to be indifferent to the subject. In all controversies with the power which seeks this violation of American principle nothing is more valuable than the proof of constant vigilance, and of the same tranquil and uncompromising persistence which distinguishes this ecclesiastical purpose.

## "THE CIVIL SERVICE CHRONICLE."

The latest addition to the literature of civil service reform is the *Civil Service Chronicle and United States Consular Record*. It is to be issued monthly, in Boston, under the editorial charge of General C. B. Norton, at an annual price of one dollar. Its object is announced to be to record the progress of the reform, and to advocate the extension and improvement of the reformed system, and to give special attention to the consular service and to the general discussion of the subject. Every such enterprise deserves the sympathy and support of the friends of a reform which appeals to the public intelligence, and needs only to be generally understood to be heartily approved.

## FAIR PLAY FOR THE BLAIR BILL.

No honest opponent of the Blair bill will wish to see it smothered in a committee of the House of Representatives. The question involved is one of very great importance. Not only upon the probable results of such a law, but upon the constitutional question and upon the general question of expediency, neither of the great parties are united. The strongest speech against it was made by one of Senator Blair's fellow-Republicans, Senator Hawley, and the chief ground of his opposition was the original and sound view of the just division of national and local powers.

The debate has been prolonged, extending over several sessions. The question has aroused general public interest, and it will be pressed until it is settled by a vote of both Houses of Congress. A question of such magnitude and interest is entitled to such a decision. In the popular legislature of a republic fair play should be the rule, and suppression and smothering in committee is an unfair method of dealing with a great and honest difference. Among the opponents of the bill are large numbers of tariff reformers. They would protest loudly against smothering in committee a scheme of tariff revision, and as friends of fair play they should equally deprecate a suppression of any important measure.

This measure, to which we have expressed our opposition, is not to be judged by the gentleman whose name is associated with it, and whose final assertion in explanation of opposition, that there was a Jesuit upon the staff of the leading papers, was ludicrous. The bill is not out of the line of imposing precedent. It is earnestly supported by a very large body of intelligent citizens. It has passed the Senate, and the vote there was presumably as sincere as upon any great measure of the kind. We doubt if the House would pass it. But let us have fair play, and at least let it not be smothered. If the House is against it, let it have the American courage of its opinion, and say so.

## AN AMERICAN CHARITY IN ROME.

There is a charity in Rome, under the auspices of the American Church of St. Paul, which is well worthy the attention and aid of Americans. Its head-quarters are at the St. Paul's House, and its humane object is to maintain a corps of trained nurses to care for sick travellers in any part of Italy, and to provide a hospital in the city both as a home for the nurses and for the treatment of patients more conveniently than in lodgings.

A fitting villa in the most healthful part of the city has been secured, upon which remains a mortgage of fifteen thousand dollars. If this could be paid off, the House would generally be self-supporting. A prominent American banker, who has personally wholly satisfied himself of the usefulness of the House, the arrears of which have been hitherto made up by two members of St. Paul's Church, has offered to give five thousand dollars toward the sum needed if the whole can be made up by Easter. The great value of such an institution to American travellers is attested by the fact that two hundred have been treated in various parts of Italy, of which only five per cent. have died. In the last year there have been ten patients in the House, all of whom recovered.

Of course there is no kind of sectarian restriction, and patients are visited by their physicians and clergymen and friends as in their own lodgings. The title of the property is vested in the trustees of St. Paul's Church, and the management is in the hands of a committee, of which the American Minister, the English Minister, and the rector of St. Paul's are ex-officio members. Subscriptions are received in New York by Drexel, Morgan, & Co. Such a cause urges itself, and upon those whose friends have been ill in Italy the appeal will need no enforcing.

## "GARDEN AND FOREST."

The first number of the new weekly journal *Garden and Forest* justifies the high anticipation with which it has been awaited. Its form is convenient; its general typographical appearance is refined and attractive; its contents are timely, various, and exceedingly interesting; and the illustration of a new plant—this week of an iris—which is proposed for every number, is of peculiar interest. The late Professor Asa Gray, who was to have given active assistance to the new paper, is the subject of a brief and admirable estimate, and a photogravure of St. Gaudens's medallion of him will be issued with the next number. The new journal has an assured air of mastery in its wide and fascinating field, which is not surprising, since it commands the co-operation of the most competent authorities.

## PERSONAL.

The Legislature is considering a bill providing for the purchase of the Billop mansion, at Tottenham, Staten Island, many patriotic citizens endorsing the plan. It was at this house that in September, 1776, Lord Howe, offering peace to the colonies, was met by the intrepid response from Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Edward Rutledge that no peace was wanted that fell short of the acknowledgment of political independence for the colonies. That is a brave history, and its landmark should be sacredly preserved.

—Coeducation at Cornell University is a success, declares President Charles Kendall Adams.

—Moses Y. Beach, the newspaper veteran, recalling earlier days in New York journalism, points out that the *Sun* was the first paper of the city to drive its presses by steam-power; and he adds this entertaining scrap of history: "Mr. Swain, founder of the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, was then the leading compositor on the *Sun*. The steam-boiler was a source of such annoyance to Mr. Swain's nerves, owing to his fears of an explosion, that he declined working in the room above it, resigned, and sought his fortune in the City of Brotherly Love, where there was no harsh hiss of impatient vapor to disturb his labors."

—Mr. Frank Vincent, the celebrated traveller and author of *Through the Tropics*, has just completed a tour of South and Central America, Mexico, and the West Indies. Within the past three years Mr. Vincent has visited every capital, metropolis, and important seaport of Spanish and Portuguese America, made several exploring expeditions into the little-known interior of Brazil and the Argentine Republic, and has ascended the Parana, Amazon, and Orinoco rivers, covering in his journey about 75,000 miles. He speaks of the country as "the lotus-eating Land of To-morrow."

—It seems much more than thirty years since we began to benefit by the use of Bessemer steel, yet it was only back in 1856–7 that the patents were issued—a fact impressed by the death the other day, at Louisville, of William C. Kelly, one of the inventors of the wonderful process. Mr. Kelly and Sir Henry Bessemer invented the system independently, separate patents being issued to each, the Bessemer patent antedating Kelly's a couple of months. Their interests were soon combined.

—Governor Gordon, of Georgia, has just returned South after experiencing New York hospitality for a fortnight or more. At one dinner given a few days ago by Mr. Marion J. Verdery in honor of the Governor and his brother, Major Eugene C. Gordon, of Alabama, there was a small but notable assembly of Northern men with Southern interests, including John H. Inman, Logan C. Murray, and ex-President Norton, of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. The New South has no apostle more enthusiastic than John B. Gordon.

—It was up at Augusta, in Maine, that Nat Goodwin was first brave enough to challenge theatre-goers with a company of his own. The "drama" was his own too. He played one night; the next day he turned up in Boston, the forlornest-looking citizen in all New England. "Why, Nat," quoth one of his astonished friends, "didn't your audience like your play?" Nat sighed deeply as he answered, "Well, I think he would have liked it if he had only waited for the second act."

—Some over-generous newspaper writer lately put afloat the report that the Rev. Dr. John Hall had received over $30,000 this winter in wedding fees alone. The dear old robust great-hearted D.D. is entitled to every penny of that handsome sum too. Only in this prosaic world, where mere facts do count sometimes, the truth to be told is that he did get just about three hundred dollars —one per cent. of the newspaper rounded figures.

—The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby is celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate of "Dr. Crosby's Church," the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian. One of Dr. Crosby's great-grandfathers, General William Floyd, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, but this fact doesn't oppress the aggressive doctor much; he is a man pre-eminently of to-day and for to-day's good.

—William Shirley, of Ontario County, is one hundred and three years old. He fought under Wellington at Waterloo; and still he is vigorous enough to walk a couple of miles to church every Sunday.

—The forth-coming exhibition and sale of the works of Mr. Hamilton Gibson at the American Art Galleries will contain a large number of water-colors of various sizes, many now seen for the first time, but the major portion of the exhibit will represent Mr. Gibson's work as an illustrator. The impression conveyed by the size of his published works gives little idea of the actual dimensions of the original designs, which are often twenty times the size of their reproductions. In addition to the original designs, Mr. Gibson will offer with each one or two first proofs of the finished block. These always possess a decided value in themselves, but the value of these particular specimens has been further enhanced by autographic treatment in the way of unique pencil "remarques" and quotations from the author's text. This "remarque" is often a picture in itself, and they present a great variety in subject, no two being alike. Besides the "remarque," various proofs on Japan paper have been skilfully colored by a beautiful process, or variously toned, giving in some instances almost the effect of a painting. The exhibition will open on or about March 14th, and remain open for one week, to be immediately followed by sale at auction without reserve.

# AUSTIN CORBIN.

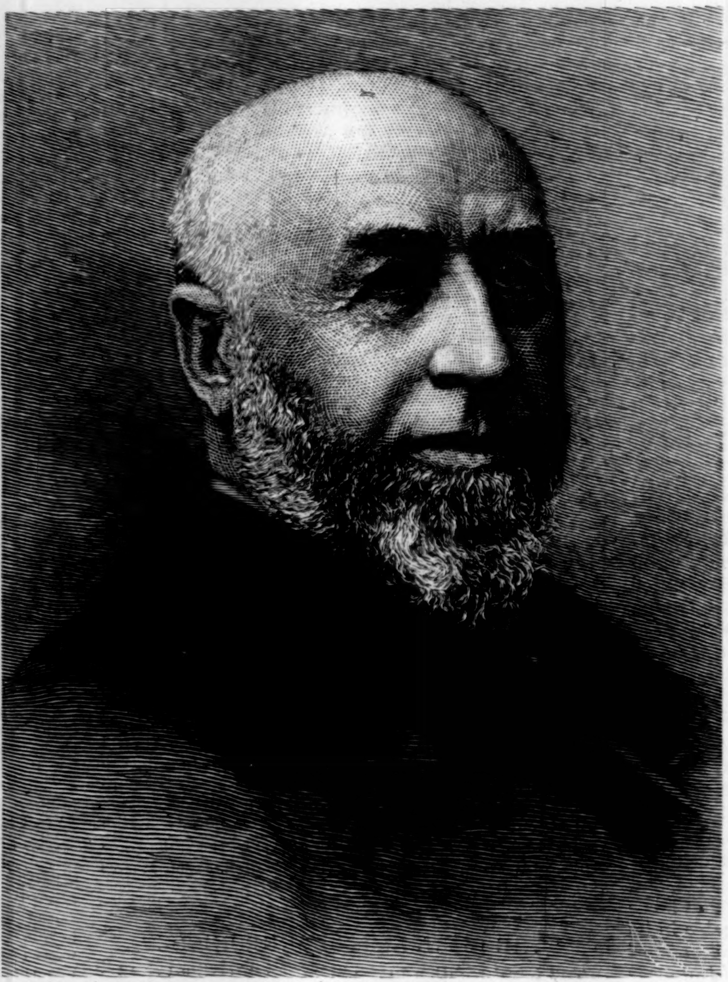
There are some men of whom it may be said success attends their footsteps. The secret power of the ancient alchemist seems to be with them. Their touch is gold-producing. Some call it instinct; some call it education; some call it prescience; some call it purpose and energy combined; some call it opportunity; some call it luck; but whatever it is, it is a marvellous property; and that it abides with some men there can be no manner of doubt. Of such men the American republic has produced not a few, and of these there are several living examples. Austin Corbin is one.

Mr. Corbin is a New-Englander. Born in New Hampshire about sixty-one years ago, he is a worthy representative of the Granite State. His father was a farmer in respectable circumstances, but not over-endowed with wealth. Young Corbin had the advantage of the ordinary schools, but he was not sent to any college. Having indicated a preference for the legal profession, he was placed under Edward L. Cushing, of Charleston, New Hampshire, who became afterward a Judge of the Supreme Court; and later he studied under the Hon. Ralph Metcalfe, who subsequently became Governor of the State. He finally went to Harvard, where he completed his law studies. Returning to his native State, he commenced the practice of law, and had marked success.

New Hampshire, however, was too limited a sphere for the growing activities and the ambitious tendencies of the young lawyer. At the end of two years, accordingly, in 1851, Corbin went West, and established himself in Davenport, Iowa. Continuing to practise law, he soon took a leading position. Iowa was at that time offering splendid opportunities to men of enterprise. Corbin was quick and appreciative enough to see and seize the opportunity. The one thing needful was capital. Capital, however, could be had if the wealthy men and rich corporations of the older States could be convinced of the safety of the investment. Corbin immediately went to work in the direction indicated. Leaving his law business in the hands of his partner, he opened a banking house in Davenport in company with Louis A. Macelot. His experience as a New-Englander and his acquaintance with New England men came to his aid. He inspired confidence, and as the result gold in increasing streams kept flowing toward Davenport. He helped the farmers, he encouraged all kinds of industry, and in the course of a few years that section of Iowa, and indeed the State generally, had experienced something like a revolution. When the panic of 1857 occurred, Corbin's was the only bank in Davenport that stood the shock, and while the panic lasted he continued to pay one hundred cents on the dollar on every obligation.

Success leads to success. When the National Banking and Currency Act was passed in 1863, he was one of the very first to apply for and to obtain a charter; and on the 29th of June of the year named, the First National Bank of Davenport was opened. It was the first national bank in the country. The First National Bank of Philadelphia, the second in order, was opened two days later, on July 1. Corbin had gone extensively into money-lending, investing in farms not only on his own account, but on account of wealthy corporations and individuals. Out of these varied relations, and to meet the requirements of the same, grew the Corbin Banking Institution, well known on both continents.

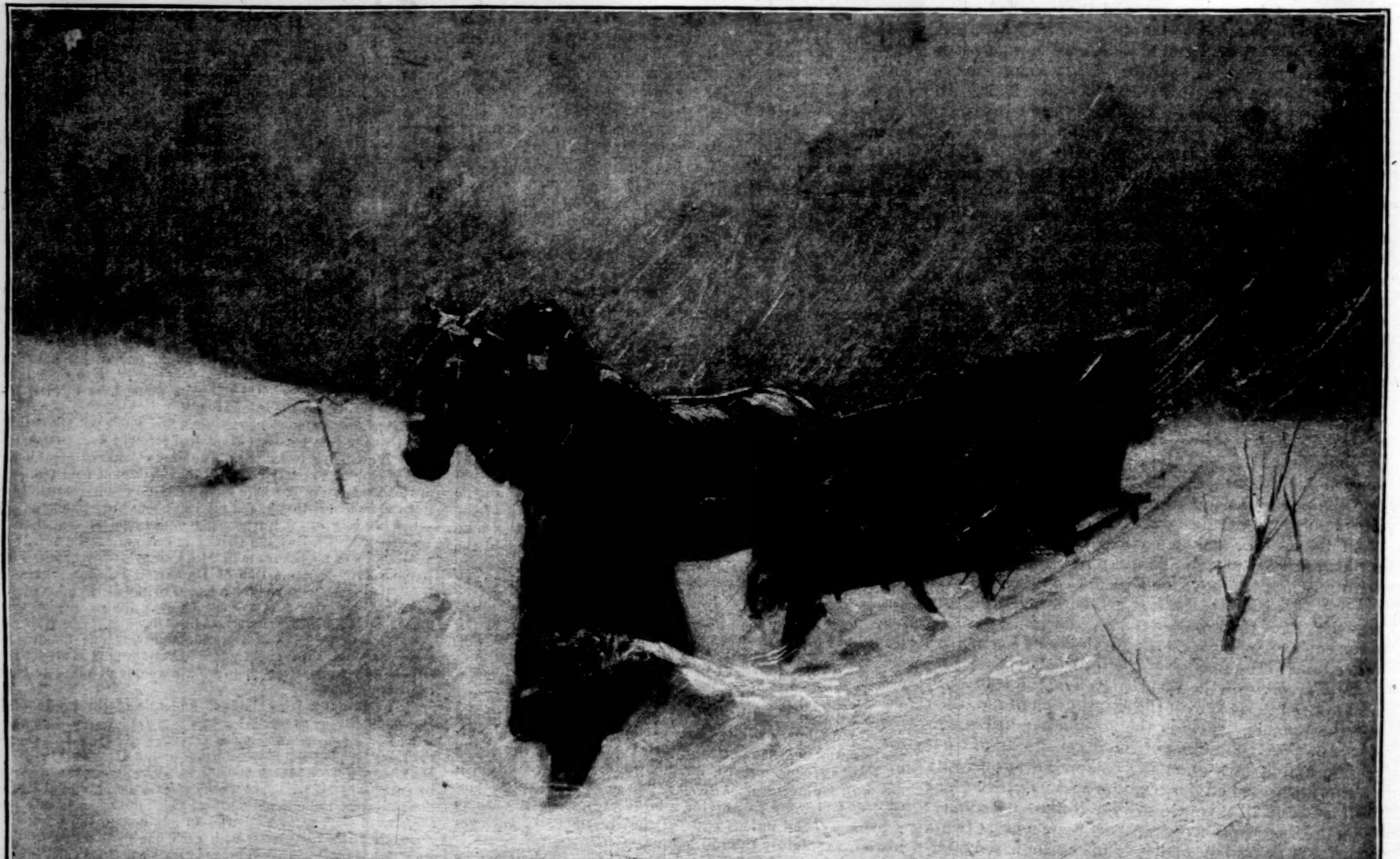
It was about this time that Mr. Corbin found himself compelled, somewhat against his will at first, to take hold of the Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railroad. Placed at the head of affairs, he soon acquired a mastery of details, and made his influence felt for good. Later Mr. Corbin resolved to establish himself in New York. This accomplished, we find him almost immediately, in 1881, in possession, as receiver, of the Long Island Railroad, of which he had already been elected President. Everything was in disorder. It was chaos. There was a road-bed, or, as one well put it, "two streaks of rust and a right of way." That was all. The bonds were in hopeless default, and there was a debt of over a million and a quarter of dollars. In eight months order was evolved out of chaos, and the Long Island Railroad has since been one of the prosperous institutions of the State and country. His connection with the Reading Railroad is a repetition on a larger scale of a similar experience. As in the case of the Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railroad, he was virtually forced into Reading in 1886. He was looked upon as the only man who could save the company. He has saved it. By the end of last year he had paid all the debts of the concern; and on January 1, 1888, he presented the property to the stockholders not only in a solvent condition, but with a largely increased and rapidly increasing revenue.


MR. AUSTIN CORBIN, FINANCIER AND RAILROAD PRESIDENT.

# A CANADIAN COUNTRY DOCTOR.

We in the city find only an alloyed enjoyment in the contemplation of falling snow, for in the mind's eye there is a vision of the slush which is to be its early successor. In other and colder places it has greater beauties and greater terrors. The wayfarer in Mr. Macdonald's picture is in a region where the snow is of this intenser character. He is a country doctor, and from appearances would be willing to put up with a storm of more limited picturesqueness if thereby he might be enabled to see where he was going, or be assured that the storm in another hour or so would not prevent him from going at all. It will readily be seen from the illustration how in so bare a country and with such an obliterating cover new fallen upon the earth a man might lose his way, and the danger of losing the way in such circumstances is likewise apparent. Doubtless any doctor at any time is liable to be called upon for the exhibition of nervous poise. A difference, however, is that the emergency which confronts a city doctor is usually an emergency which most nearly concerns another, whereas in the case of a doctor in the country the peril often comes directly to himself. One cannot fail to understand the peril which confronts the man here pictured, or the need that he has of nervous poise wisely to meet it. The horse has already acknowledged his helplessness; the way is lost to him, and he blindly follows the man, who, walking at his head, eagerly seeks the few landmarks which still lift above the snow.

This doctor is a French Canadian, as one might guess from the face which looks out from the upturned collar of the fur coat. He is a practitioner in a part of the great province of Quebec, where the habitations are separated by wide stretches of bare country. Not a few of the physicians of the Canadian dominion find that the lines of their duty run in hard and frequently in dangerous places in the winter season, and the same is true of our own northwestern country, where the cold is intense and the snow falls to the depth of many feet.



A CANADIAN COUNTRY DOCTOR ON HIS ROUNDS.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.

# A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder.*

## CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

### I HEAR MY DOOM.

AT last I learned that she was much better, and would be out on the following *jom*. This intelligence filled me with a fever of eager anticipation, so great that I could think of nothing else. Sleep was impossible. I could only wait, and try as best I might to quell my impatience. At last the time came. I sat waiting. The curtain was drawn aside. I sprang up, and hurrying toward her, I caught her in my arms and wept for joy. Ah me, how pale she looked! She bore still the marks of her illness. She seemed deeply embarrassed and agitated at the fervor of my greeting; while I, instead of apologizing or trying to excuse myself, only grew more agitated still.

"Oh, Almah," I cried, "I should have died if you had not come back to me! Oh, Almah, I love you better than life, and I never knew how dearly I loved you till I thought that I had lost you! Oh, forgive me, but I must tell you—and don't weep, darling."

She was weeping as I spoke. She said nothing, but twined her arms around my neck and wept on my breast.

After this we had much to say that we had never mentioned before. I cannot tell the sweet words that she said to me; but I now learned that she had loved me from the first — when I came to her in her loneliness, when she was homesick and heartsick; and I came, a kindred nature, of a race more like her own; and she saw in me the only one of all around her whom it was possible not to detest, and therefore she loved me.

We had many things to say to one another, and long exchanges of confidence to make. She now for the first time told me all the sorrow that she had endured in her captivity—sorrow which she had kept silent and shut up deep within her breast. At first her life here had been so terrible that it had brought her down nearly to death. After this she had sunk into dull despair; she had grown familiar with horrors and lived in a state of unnatural calm. From this my arrival had roused her. The display of feeling on my part had brought back all her old self, and roused anew all those feelings which in her had become dormant. The darkness, the bloodshed, the sacrifices, all these affected me as they had once affected her. I had the same fear of death which she had. When I had gone with her to the *cheder nebilin*, when I had used my *sepet-ram* to save life, she had perceived in me feelings and impulses to which all her own nature responded. Finally, when I asked about the *Mista Kosek*, she warned me not to go. When I did go she was with me in thought and suffered all that I felt, until the moment when I was brought back and laid senseless at her feet.

"Then," said Almah, "I felt the full meaning of all that lies before us."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, anxiously. "You speak as though there were something yet—worse than what has already been; yet nothing can possibly be worse. We have seen the worst; let us now try to shake off these grisly thoughts, and be happy with one another. Your strength will soon be back, and while we have one another we can be happy even in this gloom."

"Ah me," said Almah, "it would be better now to die. I could die happy now, since I know that you love me."

"Death!" said I; "do not talk of it—do not mention that word. It is more abhorrent than ever. No, Almah, let us live and love—let us hope—let us fly."

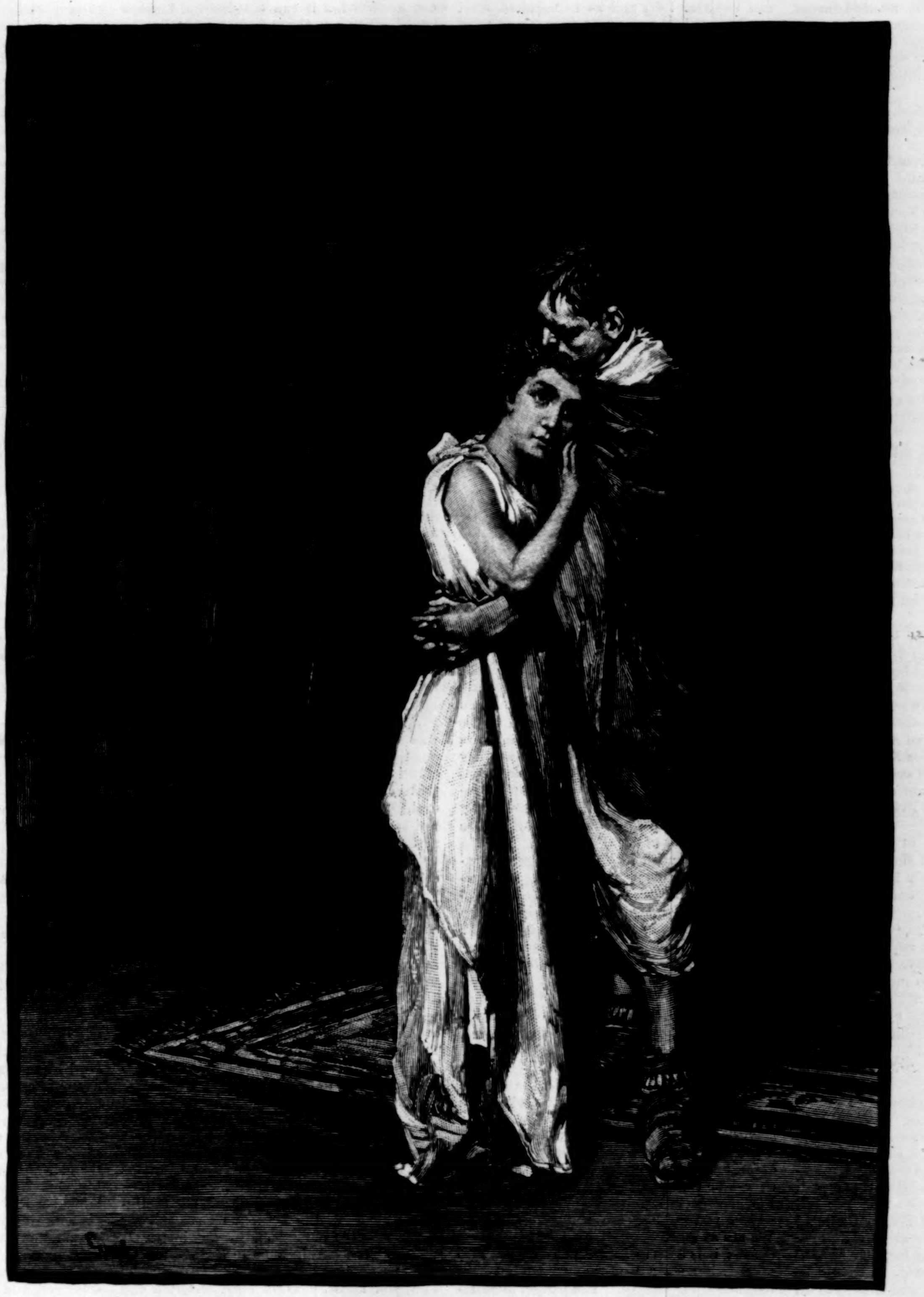
"Impossible!" said she, in a mournful voice. "We cannot fly. There is no hope. We must face the future, and make up our minds to bear our fate."

"Fate!" I repeated, looking at her in wonder and in deep concern. "What do you mean by our fate? Is there anything more which you know and which I have not heard?"

"You have heard nothing," said she, slowly; "and all that you have seen and heard is as nothing compared with what lies before us. For you and for me there is a fate—inconceivable, abhorrent, tremendous!—a fate of which I dare not speak or even think, and from which there is no escape whatever."

As Almah said this she looked at me with an expression in which terror and anguish were striving with love. Her cheeks, which shortly before had flushed rosy red in sweet confusion, were now pallid, her lips ashen; her eyes were full of a wild despair. I looked at her in wonder, and could not say a word.

"Oh, Atam-or," said she, "I am afraid of death!"



"WE HAD MANY THINGS TO SAY TO ONE ANOTHER."

"Almah," said I, "why will you speak of death? What is this fate which you fear so much?"

"It is this," said she, hurriedly and with a shudder, "you and I are singled out. I have been reserved for years until one should be found who might be joined with me. You came. I saw it all at once. I have known it—dreaded it—tried to fight against it. But it was of no use. Oh, Atam-or, our love means death; for the very fact that you love me and I love you seals our doom!"

"Our doom? What doom?"

"The sacrifice!" exclaimed Almah, with another shudder. In her voice and look there was a terrible meaning, which I could not fail to take. I understood it now, and my blood curdled in my veins. Almah clung to me despairingly.

"Do not leave me!" she cried—"do not leave me! I have no one but you. The sacrifice, the sacrifice! It is our doom, the great sacrifice—at the end of the dark season. It is at the *amir*. We must go there to meet our doom."

"The *amir?*" I asked; "what is that?"

"It is the metropolis," said she.

I was utterly overwhelmed, yet still I tried to console her; but the attempt was vain.

"Oh!" she cried, "you will not understand. "The sacrifice is but a part—it is but the beginning. Death is terrible; yet it may be endured—if there is only death. But oh!—oh, think!—think of that which comes after—the *Mista Kosek!*"

Now the full meaning flashed upon me, and I saw it all. In an instant there arose in my mind the awful sacrifice on the pyramid and the unutterable horror of the *Mista Kosek*. Oh, horror! horror! horror! Oh, hideous abomination and deed without a name! I could not speak. I caught her in my arms, and we both wept passionately.

The happiness of our love was now darkened by this tremendous cloud that lowered before us. The shock of this discovery was overpowering, and some time elapsed before I could rally from it. Though Almah's love was sweet beyond expression, and though as the time passed I saw that every *jom* she regained more and more of her former health and strength, still I could not forget what had been revealed. We were happy with one another, yet our happiness was clouded, and amid the brightness of our love there was ever present the dread spectre of our appalling doom.

These feelings, however, grew fainter. Hope is ever ready to arise; and I began to think that these people, though given to evil ways, were after all kind-hearted, and might listen to entreaty. Above all, there was the Kohen, so benevolent, so self-denying, so amiable, so sympathetic. I could not forget all that he had said during Almah's illness, and it seemed more than probable that an appeal to his better nature might not be without effect. I said as much to Almah.

"The Kohen," said she; "why, he can do nothing."

"Why not? He is the chief man here, and ought to have great influence."

"You don't understand," said she, with a sigh. "The Kohen is the lowest and least influential man in the city."

"Why, who are influential if he is not?" I asked.

"The paupers," said Almah.

"The paupers!" I exclaimed, in amazement.

"Yes," said Almah. "Here among these people the paupers form the most honored, influential, and envied portion of the community."

This was incomprehensible. Almah tried to explain, but to no purpose, and I determined to talk to the Kohen.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE KOHEN IS INEXORABLE.

I DETERMINED to talk to the Kohen, and try for myself whether he might not be accessible to pity. This greatest of cannibals might, indeed, have his little peculiarities, I thought, and who has not?—yet at bottom he seemed full of tender and benevolent feeling; and as he evidently spent his whole time in the endeavor to make us happy, it seemed not unlikely that he might do something for our happiness in a case where our very existence was at stake.

The Kohen listened with deep attention as I stated my case. I did this fully and frankly. I talked of my love for Almah and of Almah's love for me; our hope that we might be united so as to live happily in reciprocal affection; and I was going on to speak of the dread that was in my heart, when he interrupted me:

"You speak of being united," said he. "You talk strangely. Of course you mean that you wish to be separated."

"Separated!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean? Of course we wish to be united."

The Kohen stared at me as I said this with the look of one who was quite puzzled; and I then went on to speak of the fate that was before us, and to entreat his sympathy and his aid that we might be saved from so hideous a doom. To all these words the Kohen listened with an air of amazement, as though I was saying incomprehensible things.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1620.

"You have a gentle and an affectionate nature," I said—"a nature full of sympathy with others, and noble self-denial."

"Of course," said the Kohen, quickly, as though glad to get hold of something which he could understand, "of course, we are all so, for we are so made. It is our nature. Who is there who is not self-denying? No one can help that."

This sounded strange indeed; but I did not care to criticise it. I came to my purpose direct and said,

"Save us from our fate."

"Your fate?"

"Yes—from death—that death of horror."

"Death?—horror? What do you mean by horror?" said the Kohen, in an amazement that was sincere and unfeigned. "I cannot comprehend your meaning. It seems as though you actually dislike death; but that is not conceivable. It cannot be possible that you fear death."

"Fear death!" I exclaimed, "I do—I do. Who is there that does not fear it?"

The Kohen stared.

"I do not understand you," he said.

"Do you not understand," said I, "that death is abhorrent to humanity?"

"Abhorrent!" said the Kohen; "that is impossible. Is it not the highest blessing? Who is there that does not long for death? Death is the greatest blessing, the chief desire of man—the highest aim. And you—are you not to be envied in having your felicity so near? above all, in having such a death as that which is appointed for you—so noble, so sublime? You must be mad; your happiness has turned your head."

All this seemed like hideous mockery, and I stared at the Kohen with a gaze that probably strengthened his opinion of my madness.

"Do you love death?" I asked at length, in amazement.

"Love death? What a question! Of course I love death;—all men do; who does not? Is it not human nature? Do we not instinctively fly to meet it whenever we can? Do we not rush into the jaws of sea-monsters, or throw ourselves within their grasp? Who does not feel within him this intense longing after death as the strongest passion of his heart?"

"I don't know — I don't know," said I. "You are of a different race; I do not understand what you say. But I belong to a race that fears death. I fear death and love life; and I entreat you, I implore you, to help me now in my distress, and assist me so that I may save my life and that of Almah."

"I—I help you!" said the Kohen, in new amazement. "Why do you come to me—to me, of all men? Why, I am nothing here. And help you to live!—to live! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

And the Kohen looked at me with the same astonishment which I should evince if a man should ask me to help him to die.

Still, I persisted in my entreaty for his help.

"Such a request," said he, "is revolting; you must be mad. Such a request outrages all the instincts of humanity. And even if I could do such violence to my own nature as to help you to such a thing, how do you think I could face my fellow-men, or how could I endure the terrible punishment which would fall upon me?"

"Punishment!" said I. "What! would you be punished?"

"Punished!" said the Kohen. "That, of course, would be inevitable. I should be esteemed an unnatural monster and the chief of criminals. My lot in life now is painful enough; but in this case my punishment would involve me in evils without end. Riches would be poured upon me; I should be raised to the rank of Kohen Gadol; I should be removed farther away than ever from the pauper class—so far, indeed, that all hope in life would be over. I should be made the first and noblest and richest in all the land."

He spoke these words just as if he had said, "the lowest, meanest, poorest, and most infamous." It sounded like fresh mockery, and I could not believe but that he was amusing himself at my expense.

"This is cruel," said I. "You are mocking me."

"Cruel?—cruel?" said he; "what is cruel? You mean that such a fate would be cruel for me."

"No, no," said I; "but alas! I see we cannot understand one another."

"No," said the Kohen, musingly, as he looked at me. "No, it seems not; but tell me, Atam-or, is it possible that you really fear death—that you really love life?"

"Fear death!—love life!" I cried. "Who does not? Who can help it? Why do you ask me that?"

The Kohen clasped his hands in amazement.

"If you really fear death," said he, "what possible thing is there left to love or to hope for? What, then, do you think the highest blessing of man?"

"Long life," said I, "and riches, and requited love."

At this the Kohen started back, and stared at me as though I were a raving madman.

"Oh, holy shades of night!" he exclaimed. "What is this that you say? What do you mean?"

"We can never understand one another, I fear," said I. "The love of life must necessarily be the strongest passion of man. We are so made. We give up everything for life. A long life is everywhere considered as the highest blessing; and there is no one who is willing to die, no matter what his suffering may be. Riches also are desired by all, for poverty is the direst curse that can imbitter life; and as to requited love, surely that is the sweetest, purest, and most divine joy that the human heart may know."

At this the Kohen burst forth in a strain of high excitement:

"Oh, sacred cavern gloom! Oh, divine darkness! Oh, impenetrable abysses of night! What, oh, what is this! Oh, Atam-or, are you mad? Alas! it must be so. Joy has turned your brain; you are quite demented. You call good evil, and evil good; our light is your darkness, and our darkness your light. Yet surely you cannot be altogether insane. Come, come, let us look further. How is it? Try now to recall your reason. A long life—a life, and a long one! Surely there can be no human being in a healthy state of nature who wishes to prolong his life; and as to riches, is it possible that any one exists who really and honestly desires riches? Impossible! And requited love! Oh, Atam-or, you are mad to-day! You are always strange, but now you have quite taken leave of your senses. I cannot but love you, and yet I can never understand you. Tell me, and tell me truly, what is it that you consider evils, if these things that you have just mentioned are not the very worst?"

He seemed deeply in earnest and much moved. I could not understand him, but could only answer his questions with simple conciseness.

"Poverty, sickness, and death," said I, "are evils; but the worst of all evils is unrequited love."

At these words the Kohen made a gesture of despair.

"It is impossible to understand this," said he. "You talk calmly; you have not the air of a madman. If your fellow-countrymen are all like you, then your race is an incomprehensible one. Why, death is the greatest blessing. We all long for it; it is the end of our being. As for riches, they are a curse, abhorred by all. Above all, as to love, we shrink from the thought of requital. Death is our chief blessing, poverty our greatest happiness, and unrequited love the sweetest lot of man."

All this sounded like the ravings of a lunatic, yet the Kohen was not mad. It seemed also like the mockery of some teasing demon; but the gentle and self-denying Kohen was no teasing demon, and mockery with him was impossible. I was therefore more bewildered than ever at this reiteration of sentiments that were so utterly incomprehensible. He, on the other hand, seemed as astonished at my sentiments and as bewildered, and we could find no common ground on which to meet.

"I remember now," said the Kohen, in a musing tone, "having heard of some strange folk at the Amir, who profess to feel as you say you feel; but no one believes that they are in earnest; for although they may even bring themselves to think that they are in earnest in their professions, yet after all every one thinks that they are self-deceived. For you see, in the first place, these feelings which you profess are utterly unnatural. We are so made that we cannot help loving death; it is a sort of instinct. We are also created in such a way that we cannot help longing after poverty. The pauper must always, among all men, be the most envied of mortals. Nature, too, has made us such that the passion of love, when it arises, is so vehement, so all-consuming, that it must always struggle to avoid requital. This is the reason why, when two people find that they love each other, they always separate and avoid one another for the rest of their lives. This is human nature. We cannot help it; and it is this that distinguishes us from the animals. Why, if men were to feel as you say you feel, they would be mere animals. Animals fear death; animals love to accumulate such things as they prize; animals, when they love, go in pairs, and remain with one another. But man, with his intellect, would not be man if he loved life and desired riches and sought for requited love."

I sank back in despair. "You cannot mean all this," I said.

He threw at me a piteous glance. "What else can you believe or feel?" said he.

"The very opposite. We are so made that we hate and fear death; to us he is the King of Terrors. Poverty is terrible also, since it is associated with want and woe; it is therefore natural to man to strive after riches. As to the passion of love, that is so vehement that the first and only thought is requital. Unrequited love is anguish beyond expression—anguish so severe that the heart will often break under it."

The Kohen clasped his hands in new bewilderment.

"I cannot understand," said he. "A madman might imagine that he loved life and desired riches; but as to love, why, even a madman could not think of requital, for the very nature of the passion of love is the most utter self-surrender, and a shrinking from all requital; wherefore the feeling that leads one to desire requital cannot be love. I do not know what it can be—indeed, I never heard of such a thing before, and the annals of the human race make no mention of such a feeling. For what is love? It is the ardent outflow of the whole being—the yearning of one human heart to lavish all its treasures upon another. Love is more than self-denial; it is self-surrender and utter self-abnegation. Love gives all away, and cannot possibly receive anything in return. A requital of love would mean selfishness, which would be self-contradiction. The more one loves, the more he must shrink from requital."

"What!" cried I, "among you do lovers never marry?"

"Lovers marry? Never!"

"Do married people never love one another?"

The Kohen shook his head.

"It unfortunately sometimes happens so," said he, "and then the result is, of course, distressing. For the children's sake the parents will often remain with one another, but in many cases they separate. No one can tell the misery that ensues where a husband and wife love one another."

The conversation grew insupportable. I could not follow the Kohen in what seemed the wildest and maddest flights of fancy that ever were known. So I began to talk of other things, and gradually the Kohen was drawn to speak of his own life. The account which he gave of himself was not one whit less strange than his previous remarks, and for this reason I add it here.

"I was born," said he, "in the most enviable of positions. My father and mother were among the poorest in the land. Both died when I was a child, and I never saw them. I grew up in the open fields and public caverns, along with the most esteemed paupers. But, unfortunately for me, there was something wanting in my natural disposition. I loved death, of course, and poverty too, very strongly; but I did not have that eager and energetic passion which is so desirable, nor was I watchful enough over my blessed estate of poverty. Surrounded as I was by those who were only too ready to take advantage of my ignorance or want of vigilance, I soon fell into evil ways, and gradually, in spite of myself, I found wealth pouring in upon me. Designing men succeeded in winning my consent to receive their possessions; and so I gradually fell away from that lofty position in which I was born. I grew richer and richer. My friends warned me, but in vain. I was too weak to resist; in fact, I lacked moral fibre, and had never learned how to say 'No.' So I went on, descending lower and lower in the scale of being. I became a capitalist, an Alhon, a general officer, and finally Kohen.

"At length, on one eventful day, I learned that one of my associates had by a long course of reckless folly become the richest man in all the country. He had become Alhon, malek, and at last Kohen Gadol. It was a terrible shock, but I trust a salutary one. I at once resolved to reform. That resolution I have steadily kept, and have at least saved myself from descending any lower. It is true, I can hardly hope to become what I once was. It is only too easy to grow rich; and, you know, poverty once forfeited can never return, except in rare instances. I have, however, succeeded in getting rid of most of my wealth, chiefly through the fortunate advent of Almah, and afterward of yourself. This, I confess, has been my salvation. Neither of you had any scruples about accepting what was bestowed, and so I did not feel as though I was doing you any wrong in giving you all I had in the world. Most of the people of this city have taken advantage of your extraordinary indifference to wealth, and have made themselves paupers at your expense. I had already become your slave, and had received the promise of being elevated to the rank of scullion in the cavern of the *Mista Kosek*. But now, since this event of your love for Almah, I hope to gain far more. I am almost certain of being made a pauper, and I think I can almost venture to hope some day for the honor of a public death."

To such a story I had nothing to say. It was sheer madness; yet it was terribly suggestive, and showed how utterly hopeless was my effort to secure the assistance of such a man toward my escape from death.

"A public death!" I said, grimly. "That will be very fortunate!" And do you think that you will gain the dignity of being eaten up afterward?"

The Kohen shook his head in all seriousness.

"Oh no," said he; "that would be far beyond my deserts. That is an honor which is only bestowed upon the most distinguished."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE KOSEKIN.

THESE people call themselves the Kosekin. Their chief characteristic, or, at least, their most prominent one, is their love of darkness, which perhaps is due to their habit of dwelling in caves. Another feeling, equally strong and perhaps connected with this, is their love of death and dislike of life. This is visible in many ways, and affects all their character. It leads to a passionate self-denial, an incessant effort to benefit others at their own expense. Each one hates life and longs for death. He therefore hates riches, and all things that are associated with life.

Among the Kosekin every one makes perpetual efforts to serve others, which, however, are perpetually baffled by the unselfishness of these others. People thus spend years in trying to overreach one another, so as to make others richer than themselves. In a race, each one tries to keep behind; but as this leads to confusion, there is then a universal effort for each one to be first, so as to put his neighbor in the honorable position of the rear. It is the same way in a hunt. Each one presses forward, so as to honor his companion by leaving him behind. Instead of injuring, every one tries to benefit his neighbor. When one has been benefited by another, he is filled with a passion which may be called Kosekin revenge—namely, a sleepless and vehement desire to bestow some adequate and corresponding benefit on the other. Feuds are thus kept up among families and wars among nations. For no one is willing to accept from another any kindness, any gift, or any honor, and all are continually on the watch to prevent themselves from being overreached in this way. Those who are less watchful than others are overwhelmed with gifts by designing men, who wish to attain to the pauper class. The position of Almah and myself illustrates this. Our ignorance of the blessings and honors of poverty led us to receive whatever was offered us. Taking advantage of our innocence and ignorance, the whole city thereupon proceeded to bestow their property upon us, and all became paupers through our fortunate arrival.

No one ever injures another unless by accident, and when this occurs it affords the highest joy to the injured party. He has now a claim on the injurer; he gets him into his power, is able to confer benefits on him, and force upon him all that he wishes. The unhappy injurer, thus punished by the reception of wealth, finds himself helpless; and where the injury is great, the injured man may bestow upon the other all his wealth, and attain to the envied condition of a pauper.

Among the Kosekin the sick are objects of the highest regard. All classes vie with one another in their attentions. The rich send them luxuries; the paupers, however, not having anything to give, go themselves and wait on them and nurse them. For this there is no help, and the rich grumble, but can do nothing. The sick are thus sought out incessantly, and most carefully tended. When they die there is great rejoicing, since death is a blessing; but the nurses labor hard to preserve them in life, so as to prolong the enjoyment of the high privilege of nursing. Of all sick the incurable are most honored, since they require nursing always. Children also are highly honored and esteemed, and the aged too, since both classes require the care of others, and must be the recipients of favors which all are anxious to bestow. Those who suffer from contagious diseases are more sought after than any other class, for in waiting on these there is the chance of gaining the blessing of death; indeed, in these cases much trouble is usually experienced from the rush of those who insist on offering their services.

For it must never be forgotten that the Kosekin love death as we love life; and this accounts for all those ceremonies which to me were so abhorrent, especially the scenes of the *Mista Kosek*. To them a dead human body is no more than the dead body of a bird: there is no awe felt, no sense of sanctity, of superstitious horror; and so I learned, with a shudder, that the hate of life is a far worse thing than the fear of death. This desire for death is, then, a master-passion, and is the key to all their words and acts. They rejoice over the death of friends, since those friends have gained the greatest of blessings; they rejoice also at the birth of children, since those who are born will one day gain the bliss of death.

For a couple to fall in love is the signal for mutual self-surrender. Each insists on giving up the loved one; and the more passionate the love is, the more eager is the desire to have the loved one married to some one else. Lovers have died broken-hearted from being compelled to marry one another. Poets here among the Kosekin celebrate unhappy love which has met with this end. These poets also celebrate defeats instead of victories, since it is considered glorious for one nation to sacrifice itself to another; but to this there are important limitations, as we shall see. Poets also celebrate street-sweepers, scavengers, lamp-lighters, laborers, and above all, paupers, and pass by as unworthy of notice the authors, Meleks, and Kohens of the land.

The paupers here form the most honorable class. Next to these are the laborers. These have strikes, as with us; but it is always for harder work, longer hours, or smaller pay. The contest between capital and labor rages, but the conditions are reversed; for the grumbling capitalist complains that the laborer will not take as much pay as he ought to, while the laborer thinks the capitalist too persistent in his efforts to force money upon him.

Here among the Kosekin the wealthy class forms the mass of the people, while the aristocratic few consist of the paupers. These are greatly envied by the others, and have many advantages. The cares and burdens of wealth, as well as wealth itself, are here considered a curse, and from all these the paupers are exempt. There is a perpetual effort on the part of the wealthy to induce the paupers to accept gifts, just as among us the poor try to rob the rich. Among the wealthy there is a great and incessant murmur at the obstinacy of the paupers. Secret movements are sometimes set on foot which aim at a redistribution of property and a levelling of all classes, so as to reduce the haughty paupers to the same condition as the mass of the nation. More than once there has been a violent attempt at a revolution, so as to force wealth on the paupers; but as a general thing these movements have been put down and their leaders severely punished. The paupers have shown no mercy in their hour of triumph; they have not conceded one jot to the public demand, and the unhappy conspirators have been condemned to increased wealth and luxury, while the leaders have been made Meleks and Kohens. Thus there are among the Kosekin the unfortunate many who are cursed with wealth, and the fortunate few who are blessed with poverty. These walk while the others ride, and from their squalid huts look proudly and contemptuously upon the palaces of their unfortunate fellow-countrymen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A CHINESE BARBER IN NEW YORK.

The barber holds a far higher status in China than among the Caucasians. His position in the Orient is very similar to that enjoyed there centuries ago by the chirurgeon of Merrie England. He is dentist, aurist, dermatologist, barber, cupper, and leech, all combined. Unlike his American cousin, he is compelled to pass through a long apprenticeship, and not until he has been examined and graduated is he allowed to practise his craft. In the New York Mongolian colony there are five accredited barbers. Of these the acknowledged head is **Ah Lee Chung**, who has a queer little shop on the second floor of 22 Mott Street. The visitor enters, and finds himself in a narrow room, not more than ten feet wide and twenty long. On the matel-piece opposite the entrance a joss-stick slowly burns itself away in fragrant smoke in honor of Buddha, while over it, in comical contrast, hangs a cheap lithograph which reads, "God Bless Our Home." At the end of the apartment is a two-storied bunk, where customers repose while waiting for their turn. A narrow passageway leads past the bunks into a series of rear rooms, from which float the odors of Chinese cooking, Canton tobacco, and now and then the unmistakable fumes of opium.

Shaving in **Lee Chung**'s establishment is no simple matter. The proprietor, dignified and successful, is in no hurry, and usually requires considerable persuasion before he will gratify a *Fah-Kee* (American) customer. The latter is seated upon a high stool, and sometimes upon a straight-backed, uncomfortable chair. A cloth is next tied about the neck. This is not the familiar stiff towel of New York barber shops, but a soft and tenuous shawl-like square of red silk. The face and neck are washed, or rather sponged, with lukewarm water slightly scented with musk, rose, or some other perfume, and then dried with a second silk napkin. The shaving resembles our own, the razor employed being the ordinary Sheffield make. The brush, however, is different, being a curious little affair, very much like the average tooth-brush. The operator lathers two or three square inches at a time without any rubbing, shaves off the growing hairs, and then lathers a second patch of skin. After the face and throat have been scraped in this piecemeal way, the temples and back of the neck are shaved, and the eyebrows trimmed to the shape demanded by Mongolian fashion. The next stage of the treatment is decidedly peculiar. From a black shagreen case the barber produces an ear-razor, a pair of tweezers, horn scrapers, and cotton brushes. The ear-razor is a narrow blade of highly tempered steel, five inches long and less than a quarter of an inch in width. The tweezers are compass-like in shape, and nearly a foot in length. The scrapers resemble miniature shepherd hooks, and have neither point nor edge, while the brushes are a duplicate of our aurilaves, substituting balls of fresh cotton for our little sponges. With the ear-razor the ear is shaved on both the outside and inside.

Words fail to describe the skill and delicacy with which a Chinese barber shaves the ear. The narrow blade sweeps round, cutting hair, down, and dead skin, and ever going deeper in toward the end of the auditory passage. With the scrapers he then removes the débris and all dirt blown in by the wind. Lastly the cotton brushes are applied, and the ear rubbed and polished until it is smooth, warm, and pink. The sensation, strange to say, is extremely pleasant. The third stage consists in removing the hairs that grow in the nostrils. The last stage is a Chinese version of the Swedish movement cure, in which the muscles of the face, scalp, neck, and shoulders are kneaded, pinched, rubbed, pushed, and pulled until they all are moist and almost sore. Then the arms and trunk are taken in hand in about the same style, the fingers "cracked," and the head and body pushed and twisted into a hundred different positions. A mild patting with the muscular hands of the operator completes the operation, which lasts anywhere from ten to thirty minutes, and whose cost is well summed up in **Lee Chung**'s own words: "'Melican man velly foolish—chalge ten cent fol shave. Italy man no good, only fivee cent. Chinee man gemmelman—chalge twenty-five and fifty cent and one dollah."

## AUNT PRISCILLA'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Yes, that's my scrap-book, and I dew think it's wuth lookin' at, tew. Yo' see, most of the young folks in our taown hez photygraph albums, or otygraph books (which I thought wuz only a short way o' sayin' photygraph, till I see 'Mandy Evans's, an' then I found out they wuzn't nothin' but kinder copy-books, with people's names an' specimens of their hand-writin' in 'em). Others hez books for puttin' daown yer character, which it seems to me would be ruther hard on *some* folks, though I won't mention no names, as we're all neighbors.

Waal, seein' all these albums wuz gittin' more an' more the fashion, I felt as ef I'd like to hev one too, so I jest went up garret an' hunted out this big blank book o' father's for *my* album, an' then pasted *Scrap-Book* on the kiver, for I meant to make mine a leetle diff'rent from the others, an' I guess you'll say I succeeded when you've looked it through.

This fust picter's Mis' Deacon Forster, an' the one on the page opposite is her husband, the deacon. Mis' Forster is a kinder *ro*mantic, ye see; so she would be took with a bower o' roses all back o' her, and to one side, but she's so stout she filled up all the picter herself, an' the photographer said he'd hev to put the bower into the deacon's picter, he bein' a very thin man; an' so there 'tis! It don't seem to me as ef the deacon matched the roses very well, bein' rather hard-favored; but I s'pose *they're* suited.

These two picters is Mis' Rollins (she that was Sally Winter, ye know) an' her little boy Charley. Sally's the greatest one for havin' presentiments I ever see; she's allus a-foretellin' trouble, an' sometimes she comes out jest right. She hed a dream about that very boy there—dreamt that he went a-skatin' an' was drownded, an' she wouldn't let him go nigh the ice all that winter. But one day in the spring he fell off a ladder an' broke his arm, an' Sally said there warn't no use in laughin' at dreams after *that*. About two years before her husband died she hed a presentiment that he warn't a-goin' to live, an' she jest went right to work an' doctored him stiddy, but law! 'twarn't no use—he went, sure enough, about six months after the time she'd sot.

But turn over. This is a piece of my sister Betsy's high-backed shell comb that she used to wear nigh on to fifty years ago. Betsy was dreadful proud of that comb, an' wouldn't hardly let me tech it, for fear I'd break it. Poor thing! she's neither head nor hair to wear it in now, for she's ben dead thirty years.

Naow there's a pretty picter, but I never could see no meanin' in it. There's a girl a-settin' on the grass, with her lap full of flowers, an' a herd of caows feedin' in a field, an' the lady that sent it to me sez it's a Christmas card, though *I* can't see what it hez to do with Christmas, onless it's a picter of some part of the world where they keep Christmas in summer-time.

Here's an account of the weddin' of our minister's eldest daughter, cut out of the weekly paper, an' a description of the bride's dress, an' the refreshments, an' all the rest. I writ some po'try about that tew, an' sent her a copy.

Here it is, with a true-lovers' knot at each corner of the page:

"In Hymen's bonds this happy pair
Is j'ined for life, till death does part,
Jonathan the brave and Semanthy the fair!
May love ever dwell in each faithful heart.

"An' as they travel hand in hand
Through their declining years,
May children like an angel band
Adorn this vale of tears!"

Ain't that ruther touchin'? The minister's wife told me that it just brought the tears to her eyes, especially the last verse.

This next page I've left blank for Uncle Joshua. He's ben failin' for the last year, an' I'm expectin' to hear of his death any day, so I thought it was best to be prepared.

Here's a very interestin' account of a murder in this caounty, an' the trial an' execution of the murderer. You don't want to read it? That's a pity; but here's my verses on him. You'll read them?

"The cruel murderer dealt the fatal blow,
Then from the frightful scene did go,
But justice followed up and overtook him,
An' all his courage then forsook him.

"The murderer on the gallows stands,
To bid the world good-by,
He shakes his head an' waves his hands,
An' a tear drops from his eye."

That last verse ain't true—not exackly. The man couldn't wave his hands, bekase they was tied behind him; but I had to put in somethin' to rhyme, ye know. I'm very partic'lar about gittin' good rhymes for my po'try.

I'm real sorry I hevn't got further along in my scrap-book; but you must come an' see me next year, an' perhaps I'll hev some more to show ye.

E. J. Corbett.

## THE FIRST TRAIN FOR HOME.

The illustration of the starting of the first suburban train on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, after the beginning of the strike of the engineers and firemen, will be interesting to all business men in New York whose homes are out of the city. Fancy the emotions of the thousands of people who live along the lines of the New Jersey roads, or of the Long Island, New York and New Haven, the Harlem, and the Hudson River railroads, if they should go to their home stations some Monday morning and find that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had decreed that they should not go to business on that day! Chicago is a city of suburbs. The C., B., and Q. road runs through many villages which are the homes of men who do their business in the city. The significance of the failure of the suburban service on such a road can only be measured by the sum of the demands that may be made upon a business man in the course of a business day.

There was no riot in Chicago on the institution of this strike. The hundreds of disappointed men were quiet, and apparently good-natured. The fact is that an American crowd is most likely to be good-natured. The people who were disappointed about getting to their business at the usual time bore their misfortunes philosophically. The difficulty between the Brotherhood and the company was one that was liable to arise at any time. It was, so far as the public knew or cared, a dispute about wages. There was a general disposition to believe that the engineers had a case, for their bearing through the strikes in the Southwest, and the high respect in which Chief **Arthur** has come to be held throughout the country, stood the strikers in good stead. There were no disorderly scenes about the stations. The disposition was not to make the company any trouble which might tend to the injury of the engineers. It was not pleasant to miss the regular train into and out of the city, but the public was willing to suffer some inconvenience for the sake of giving the contending parties a chance to settle their grievances. The seventeen trains that usually came and went out of the great Union Depot did not run on schedule time on the first day, and the crowd that gathered at the station when the first train of the afternoon left for the suburbs was larger than Chicago sees except when a national political Convention breaks up, and all the delegates try to get home on one train. The illustration on another page shows the crowd making its way to the station. It was not until 5.45 in the afternoon that the first outgoing train left the city. The picture compels us to realize not only the enormous inconvenience that may result from such a strike as that which the Brotherhood inaugurated, but the terrible loss of property, and more, important still, of opportunities involved in it. The crowd that made its way to the station was orderly and good-natured, but no doubt many a man in it had lost the tide which might have led him on to fortune.

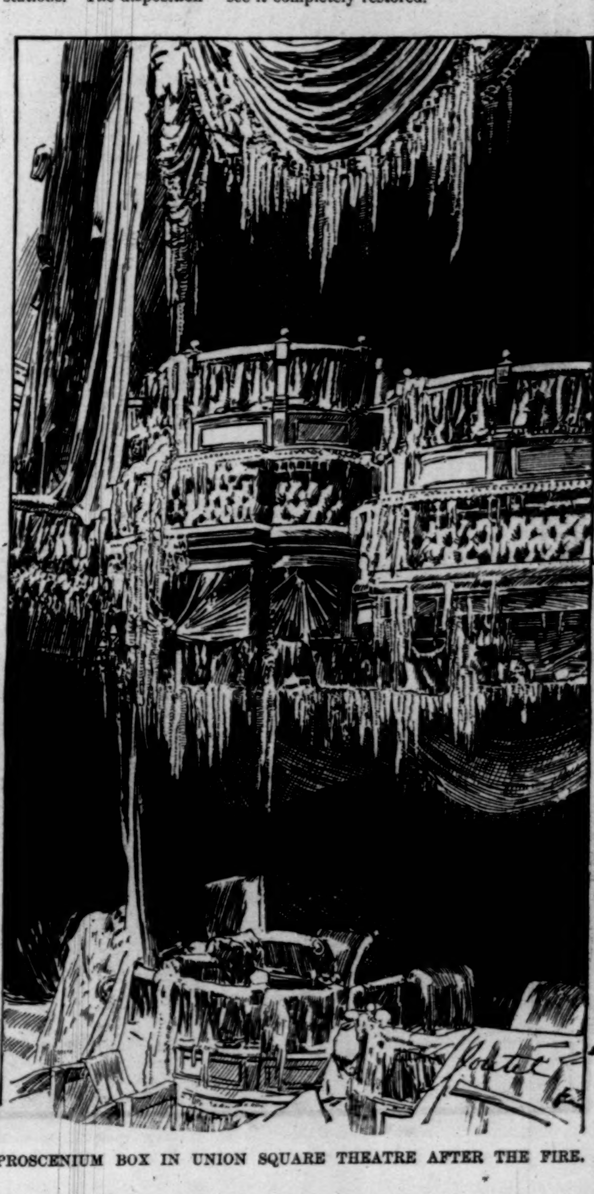
## THE BURNING OF THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

It was demonstrated at the burning of the Union Square Theatre on February 28th that the firemen of New York city are an exceptionally capable lot of men. Their efficiency was shown in the fact that they were able to restrain this fire within such narrow bounds. The entire block in which the theatre stands is called by the firemen a tinder-box. Expert opinion has repeatedly declared that if the Union Square Theatre got well on fire the destruction of the Star Theatre and the Morton House would certainly follow. The Union Square was very extensively on fire on February 28th, and yet the firemen saved the other two buildings named.

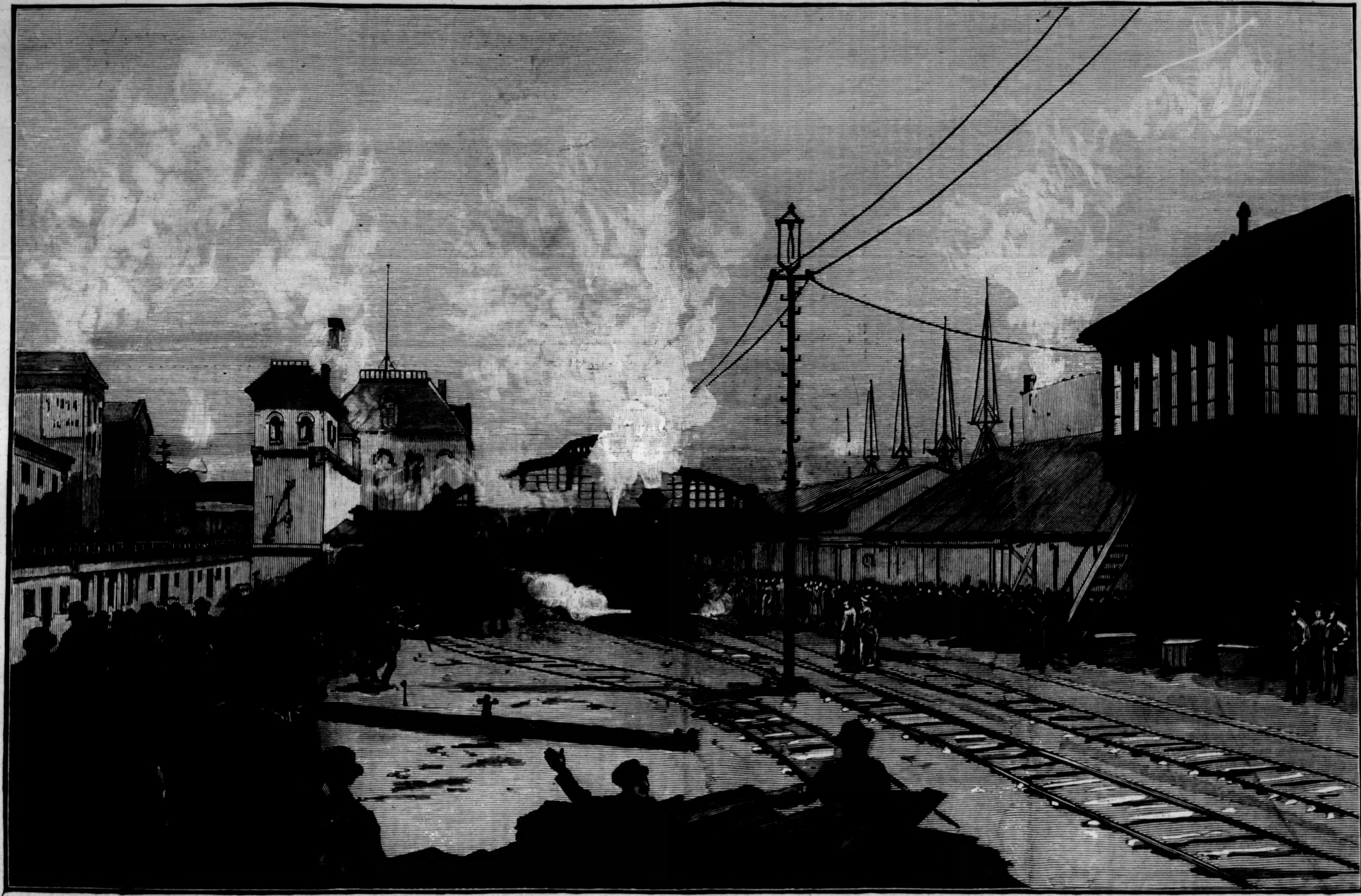
The Union Square Theatre is very curiously interlaced with the Morton House. The hotel is in front of it, and over it, and very nearly surrounds it. The Morton House is an old building, built when the laws that contemplate safety from fire were not so stringent as they are now, and it is a wonder that its dry and inflammable material should have been preserved. That it was preserved is due wholly to the skill and daring of the firemen, and the continued existence of the entire block is owing to the same efficient guardians. They swarmed upon the theatre stage when the flames were roaring through the auditorium, and kept the fire in front of the proscenium arch. If it had overcome the firemen, and forced its way back of that line of division, it would have found in the paint frames and the scenery of the stage material which doubtless would have fed it into unconquerable proportions. It would have swept rearward into the Star Theatre, and would have showered a fiery rain over the surrounding roofs that in the high wind would have meant the destruction of the block.

The fire as a spectacle was not brilliant, but some of its associated incidents were remarkable. The flames hardly appeared above the roof, but the theatre was topped by a huge ball of smoke which swelled and dwindled as the firemen worked—a peculiarly grim index of the varying chances of the battle between them and the enemy. It was a fire in one of the chief centres of a great city an hour after noon, and an enormous multitude looked on. The great space of Union Square furnished accommodation for the tens of thousands who gathered. Everybody could see without hinderance the battle which was waging, and many were observers in addition of the half-panic in the Morton House.

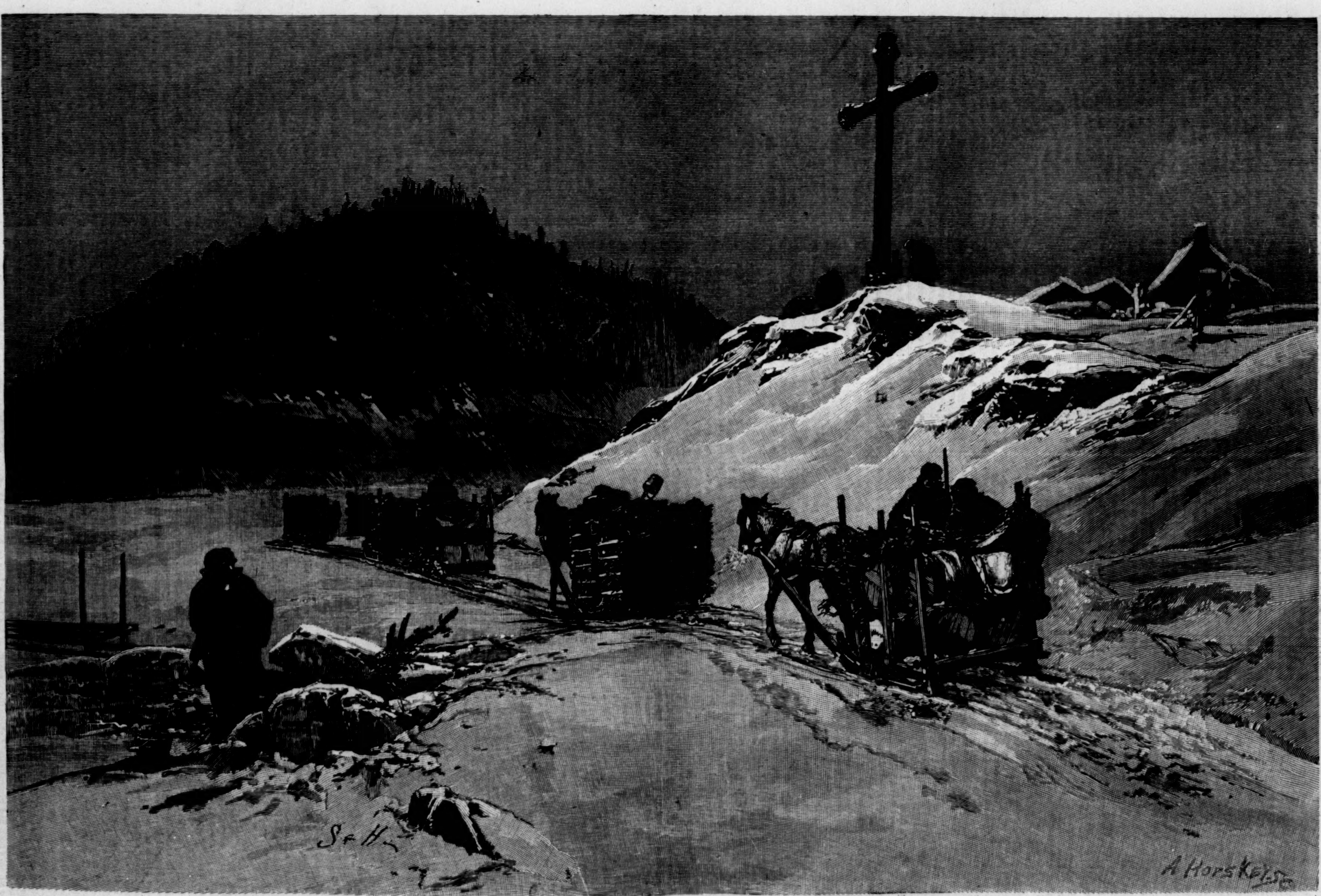
It was two hours before the fire was conquered and the multitude began to melt away. Women had fainted in the course of the panic in the hotel, and several firemen were injured by the fall of the theatre ceiling, one very seriously. No life was lost. The firemen had confined the fire to the auditorium of the theatre and to a small part of the Morton House. The picture on page 173 shows the sort of a theatre interior the fire left. Nimble hands went immediately to work upon it, and it was said that thirty days would see it completely restored.



PROSCENIUM BOX IN UNION SQUARE THEATRE AFTER THE FIRE.



AFTER THE STRIKE OF THE ENGINEERS ON THE CHICAGO, BURLINGTON, AND QUINCY RAILROAD—STARTING OF THE FIRST SUBURBAN TRAIN.—From a Sketch by Walter Burridge.—[See Page 167.]



S. H.
A. HORSKEY. Sc.

"LA CROIX AUX VOYAGEURS"—A CANADIAN SKETCH.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

# A DAPHNE OF THE FOOT-HILLS.

By HOWARD SEELY.

## I.

Where the foot-hills of Greytown slope to the high-road there is a wild and tangled chaparral that borders a quiet pond. Above, the clifty heights seem to mock the crimson and amber of the sunsets, and send weird shadows to dance and beckon in the vale below. When the moon rises, the gray Spanish-moss that festoons every live-oak and pecan in the vicinity of the water sways sylph-like in the wind, and adds its silvern mysteries to the general enchantment. Even at high noon the spot has its fascination. A delightful coolness lingers beneath its shady canopies, and delicate odors drowse in its twilight aisles. Blue lupins and wild verbenas hold the air breathless. Sometimes the antlered head of a deer is glimpsed for an instant in its dim vistas, or the startled note of a wild turkey, calling its comrades, wakes its woodland echoes. And in the spring-time, at all hours, mocking-birds cleave its inner recesses, make love and wanton in the sunbeams, or, mad with moonlight and melody, fill the air with their wild epithalamia.

Late one afternoon in April, Mr. Isaac Mosely, sheriff of Oskaloo, foot-sore and weary with his journey over the hills, came suddenly upon this sylvan bower. As he plunged down the declivity and into the chaparral at its foot, the dim twilight at first blinded him. Breathless with haste and fatigue, he threw himself on the soft turf until his eyes should become used to their surroundings. Afar a faint sound, as of a girl singing, pulsed through the stillness. He listened. Gradually objects began to take shape in the obscurity. He perceived that, while the way on either side of him was impassable from the thick growth of cat's-claws and underbrush, a natural pathway, like a narrow avenue, led before him among the tree trunks. Here and there a pencil of rays from the declining sun shot through the shadow. He sniffed the air eagerly, thinking he detected the smell of smoke, and his consequent proximity to some dwelling. Suddenly he sat up abruptly.

Something was certainly moving among the trees some distance ahead of him. In the half-light of the interior, Mosely thought it a girl, but, if so, she was bareheaded, and so fantastically arrayed that indecision as to sex was pardonable. There was a grace and litheness of movement about the figure that suggested the gentler sex—a resemblance that was counteracted by its swiftness and celerity of step. A small animal with arched back and pointed ears lumbered along before her, stopping at every turn to examine the earth curiously. It was like a miniature bear in its movements. The sheriff sprang suddenly to his feet and called after the retreating figure. At the sound it halted, cast a brief, startled glance behind it, and at once dashed away among the tree trunks with the speed of a frightened fawn. The animal, which had also stopped, started after with frantic leaps. The sheriff threw aside the pack which encumbered his shoulders, and joined at the top of his speed in the pursuit. As he ran he realized at once that the figure he pursued was fleet of foot, and unquestionably a woman. He had taken but a few steps when he passed a ribbon caught on a thorny bush. He tore it from its fastening as he bounded by. He could hear the figure running ahead of him, and as he burst through a small clump of underbrush he caught sight of a fluttering skirt just vanishing among the shadowy trunks beyond. He called again, but apparently only with the result of increasing the speed of the fugitive. Catching his breath, he sprang across the opening and into a dim covert, but was almost instantly hurled to the ground by violent collision with a neighboring tree trunk. His smitten hands carried down with him in his fall a portion of the bark.

For some moments Mosely lay bruised and stunned at the foot of the tree. He was quite out of breath, and to add to his chagrin, his face was bleeding. He put up his hand and found that blood was slowly trickling from a small scalp wound, and imperilling his blond hair and beard. As he withdrew his hand it struck with some force against the adjacent tree trunk. The blow sounded hollow, although it barked his knuckles. What was that? Surely he heard from the depths of the interior a smothered laugh. With a mystified sense of discomfiture he staggered to his feet and leaned against the tree. His attention was attracted to the piece of bark which he still held clutched in his fingers. He examined it attentively. His mind reverted to an ancient legend among the desultory reading of his boyhood—Apollo's futile pursuit of the wood nymph Daphne. He laughed aloud at the thought, and involuntarily thrust the scrap of bark in the bosom of his shirt. Barring the blood and grime of his mishap, Apollo himself might have smiled at the analogy. At this moment he heard a harsh rattling against the bark of the tree, and immediately after was startled by a strange animal that collided with him and ran swiftly up the trunk. It came to a halt in a near crotch. Mosely stepped back and scrutinized it keenly. It was a tame raccoon.

There was something so whimsical in the appearance of the creature that the sheriff regarded it with interest. Its mischievous eyes stared intently at the intruder, and it kept up a peculiar cat-like motion with its claws as it crouched upon the limb, and alternately moved backward and forward in its excitement. With its erect, fox-like ears, sharp muzzle, and ringed tail, it was altogether so droll an object that Mosely was instantly filled with a desire to dislodge it. He stooped and picked up a fragment of bark. He was about to throw this, when he noticed that a small chain which depended from a collar upon the animal's neck had become caught about the limb, and probably accounted for the eccentricity of its movements. Stepping at once upon a gnarled root of the giant tree, he, with some difficulty, disentangled this. Then by dint of force and coaxing he finally succeeded in dragging the reluctant animal from its perch. The 'coon resisted with sprawling limbs and a peevish growl that delighted Mosely.

Once safe upon *terra firma*, the animal became so suddenly frisky and demonstrative that its captor was fain to hurry with it to some distance until it should cease from its gambols. It did not do so until, tugging violently at its chain, it had withdrawn him into a neighboring thicket. Here the cause of its haste was instantly apparent. A tall bee tree, which had been despoiled of its store of sweets with evident labor, revealed the origin of the smoke which he had noticed on first entering the chaparral. A fire still smouldered at the foot of the tree, and the blackened shaft and buzzing of a few angry bees showed the means employed in the recent robbery. A number of honey-combs, rudely torn from the wild hive, still littered the ground. The 'coon eagerly attacked the nearest of these, smearing face and muzzle with the liquid honey. Mosely stooped and patted the head of the greedy rascal. He ran his fingers through the long fur of its neck, revealing the hidden collar. It was garnished with a silver plate. The inscription was barely perceptible in that dim light—"Tommy Dodd." The sheriff smiled as he reflected that this was possibly the youngest member of a family of Dodds living in the neighborhood.

The thought caused him to turn and peer through the thicket. He was just in time to see the young woman who had eluded him step stealthily from the side of the tree he had just quitted. The sheriff gave a sudden start of surprise and recognition. He caught a glimpse of a slight but graceful figure standing still for an instant in a sunlit opening of the woods, with one softly curved arm lifted to avert the dazzling rays of the setting sun. Her abundant brown hair, escaping from its simple Grecian knot, tossed on her supple shoulders. She gazed curiously about her, and then sprang suddenly into the woods. So fleet was the apparition she might have been some dryad of the grove. With a strange thrill in his pulses, Mosely slowly retraced his steps, dragging behind him the reluctant 'coon. "I might have called Edith again," he muttered; "but if I had, it's ten to one she'd have stampeded. I reckon she don't recognize me in this get-up." With this reflection he reached the tree. A strip of hanging bark, rudely torn aside from a wide opening in the hollow trunk, revealed the cause of his former discomfiture. Breathless between awe and admiration, the sheriff stooped and gazed within. The dim interior was half filled with Spanish-moss, and was still redolent of its late occupant. A vague spicy perfume hung in the air that thrilled him and set his heart to beating. A few dog-eared, paper-covered novels, and a broken hand-mirror, thrown carelessly in a corner, seemed to indicate that this was no chance retreat of its owner. Yielding to the subtle influence that filled him, the young man squeezed himself through the aperture, and flung himself upon the soft mosses with a half-articulate sigh.

## II.

The moon was high over Lone Mountain when Miss Edith Fentriss reached home, flushed and panting, from her late adventure in the woods. Not being altogether certain what welcome she would receive from the elder Fentriss, whose temper, like that of most disobeyed fathers, was erratic and uncertain, she lingered for a moment before entering the paternal dwelling. Its pretty outline and pretentious elegance were enhanced in the gracious moonlight. But the heavy tread of her father, and the ominous slamming of a door within, curbed her æsthetic considerations for the nonce, and she slipped into the shadow of its many gables, and retreating to an entrance in the rear, vanished from view. Removing her shoes in the hallway with a nervous haste that imperilled the buttons, the young lady ran softly up a short stairway, and reached in safety the security of her own bedroom. Here, without further ceremony, she straightway began to disrobe, and then, evidently embarrassed by the obtrusive moon, suddenly desisted, and with a panic of dishevelled tresses and dimpled shoulders, dashed across the apartment and drew the white curtains together. But here she was apparently held in breathless fascination by the beauty of the landscape without.

The broad valley lay as if stricken mute in the light of the ivory moon. The outlines of trees, bushes, grazing cattle, and the circumambient hills were revealed with the distinctness of day. Across this picture the shadows of drifting clouds trailed with a tremulous play of light and shade. It was undeniably a lovely night, but Miss Edith was not too alive to its loveliness to fail to notice a small, erect figure leaning against a neighboring live-oak, and gazing up at her window with rapt devotion.

Miss Fentriss was used to admiration of a very frank and demonstrative kind, but there was something in this moonlight madness which was romantic and touching. Nothing but her dishabille at the moment prevented her recognition of it. She at first thought of dressing again, but after a glance at her relinquished attire, and a recollection of her indignant parent below, she abandoned the idea. With a heightened color and a delicious womanly sense of her own fascinations, she stole away from the window—a mere lissome shadow in that dim light—and sank upon a chair before her mirror, resting her elbows upon the bureau cover. The envious moon slipped through the suddenly parted curtains, and bathed in mellow radiance the soft curves of her charming figure. She sighed gently to herself, and by a rapid movement brought the whole wealth of her brown hair tumbling down upon her shoulders. Half hidden in its profusion, she inspected herself carefully in that idealizing light. How bright her eyes were! and what a war of roses mingled in her cheeks! As she took up a large comb and began the mysteries of her evening toilet, Miss Edith could not but sympathize with the statuesque cavalier who testified to her attractions without.

She was surprised by a knock at the door and an immediate attempt to open it. She had barely time to shriek for delay and spring into bed when the elder Fentriss entered, wrath in his eye, and dragging by its confining chain the fugitive 'coon. The latter sat up and rubbed his whiskers shamefacedly. Mr. Fentriss—who was apparently in demi-toilet, which he had attempted to complete by wrapping a great bear-skin about his shoulders, until he looked like a giant specimen of the droll animal at his side—met the indignant black eyes of his daughter with apologetic warmth. These were all that was visible of the young lady herself, who maintained a discreet silence, hidden to her eyelids beneath the bed-quilts. Mr. Fentriss coughed embarrassedly and looked down at his boots.

"Been in the 'Shadder Woods' agin?" he finally said, as if eliciting information.

No reply.

"Hevn't I told you, sis, that there were footpads in them woods?"

Sis was still silent.

The paternal Fentriss, seeing that his overtures met with no success, broke forth in peevish complaint.

"Jest ez I reckoned," he sighed, biting his great forefinger in his irritation. "Ye don't care the flippin' of a pecan what I say, nor nuthin'. Here your poor ole father's wearin' hisself out with worryment the hull evenin', an' you traipsin' the 'Shadder Woods' and otherwise cavortin'. Store-keeper Hackett was here inquirin' fur ye, an' I done all I could to entertain him with whiskey and keerds; but they didn't seem to take no effect onto him. Fin'ly I quit in disgust. Young Dr. Fox called this arternoon, and said them Dodd children was all down with typhoid fevier, and thet the malary was stalkin' abroad on the face o' the yearth, and you must be careful. He left some powders fur ye. And yet," concluded Mr. Fentriss, tossing his arms in the agony of parental responsibility—"and yet you continues to fly in the face of Providence by consortin' in them blamed ole woods."

The eyes above the bed-quilt were apparently unmoved by this chapter of woes, but a restless movement on the part of Miss Edith's foot betrayed irritation.

"That's jest it!" continued the unhappy sire. "'Tain't nothin' new. Continue on in this way, and you'll succeed in bringin' your ole dad's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. I was readin' in the paper to-night about Mame Yancey's goin's on. She's breakin' her father's heart too. It must be six months she's been engaged, and now she's run off with her finanseer to San Antone and got married. This independence of young wimmen and their beaux is plumb ruination."

The irrelevance of this last statement was apparently beyond silence.

"You're too absurd, father!" Edith broke in, with a petulant kick at the bed-quilt. "What has my walking in the Shadow Woods got to do with the actions of Miss Yancey and her *fiancé*? It's too ridiculous, you old darling! Isn't it, Tommy? See, pop, he's laughing at you!" and the young girl rose upon one dimpled arm, and permitted her former rigid attitude of remonstrance to relax in undulating curves.

"It tain't absurd, Ede!" replied the old man, promptly, clutching desperately at the bear-skin which was fast slipping from him and betraying the dishabille it concealed. "It tain't foolish nuther; an' you an' me hev got to hev trouble, sis, if you keeps it up. I hev told you thet thet air blamed swale is chuck-full of road-agints, and dumb ager, and a'n't no way safe fur any young woman, and now the sheriff of Oskaloo is settin' down-stairs in the kitchen to prove it. I jest found him knockin' at the front door, and totin' this 'coon, which he says he found in the Shadder Woods, but I tumbled to your little racket in half a minute."

Mr. Fentriss paused and endeavored to throw a look of playful cunning into his expressionless blue eyes. It was evidently a failure, for he cast down his lids with an embarrassed cough.

"This ringin' in a cold deck on me, an' otherwise neglectin' yer own flesh and blood, is onreasonable," he entreated.

Miss Edith relaxed sweetly. She reached out of bed, caught a corner of the bear-skin, and drew it toward her with all the strength of her lithe young arm. The old man weakened. He came slowly forward, trailing the bear-skin, with visible signs of relenting in his face, which he endeavored to hide beneath gestures of remonstrance. The 'coon, seeing that the humor of the moment called for a concentration of forces, drew near the bed, and when the old man was compelled to compromise and save his equilibrium by sitting down upon its foot, the animal at once jumped into it, and attempted to establish himself on confidential terms with both parties. Miss Edith laughed, and drew him toward her and softly caressed him.

"What's this about the sheriff down-stairs?" she demanded, coaxingly.

"He's *there*," said the old man, with emphasis, "and he backs me up in all I've been sayin'. He's been detailed to do what he kin to break up the band of road-agints thet hev been interferin' with the stage line and general peace of mind of this section. He says the woods ain't no place for ye, and told me not to worry, for he reckoned you knowed it. He's a mighty good-lookin' young feller too, and barrin' a scratched face from runnin' into a tree, kalkerlated to keep a young gal to home. Don't you reckon you better get up and help me entertain him?"

Miss Fentriss shed the first part of her father's speech with calm indifference; she raised her eyebrows at the last, and clasping her hands over her knees above the bed-quilt, intently regarded the old man.

"Is he light or dark?" she asked, eagerly.

"Light," said her sire—"like thet sorrel colt I'm raisin' fer ye."

Miss Edith sighed, and began to comb anew the dark tresses whose care the old man's entrance had interrupted.

"How long is he going to stay?" she inquired through the mists of her hair.

"A week, likely."

She laid down the comb at once, pushed the 'coon off the bed upon the floor, and settled herself comfortably upon her pillow. "Then I reckon there's time enough," she said, with a yawn. "I reckon the sheriff 'll look better by daylight. Good-night, papa. Close the door after you, and be sure and give Tommy Dodd a good supper." With which abrupt termination of this unseasonable interview she composed herself for slumber.

## III.

It was fully ten o'clock when Miss Edith Fentriss came down to breakfast the following morning, but the care she had lavished upon her toilet was in marked contrast to her indifference of the night before. She had arrayed herself in a tight-fitting gown of blue velvet, trimmed with silver braid, and showing at the waist a delicious little vest of like material. Her abundant brown hair was gathered in a simple Grecian knot, and she had impaled her tresses with a great silver arrow, which gave her diminutive figure a general suggestion of Diana the huntress that was very bewitching. As she swept into the dining-room, the little metal heels of her walking-boots clinking upon the hard wood floor, there was that in her flashing brown eyes which showed she had come "conquering and to conquer." Her disappointment was proportional when she found her sire the only occupant of the room.

Old man Fentriss was seated at the window in his shirt sleeves, honing his razor preparatory to shaving, with a general air of peevishness and discontent. As this azure apparition dawned upon him he looked up with a malicious smile.

"I reckon ye're too late, Ede, with them fixin's and furbelows," he commented. "The sheriff hev lit out. It's a plumb shame too," he added, admiringly, "fur the arrers I bought ye air mightily becomin'." Miss Edith opened her eyes wide at this information, but said nothing. "He seemed sorter disappointed thet ye didn't take no trouble to see him last night, and got up and vamoosed afore I was stirrin'. It must hev been an hour afore sun. He tuk the 'coon with him fur kempeny, I reckon, and went in the direction of the Shadder Woods. Ez he didn't say nothin' about comin' back, I allow thet ye hev lost him. It's too bad, sis, I declare, when ye've taken sich pains to *fetch* him."

He indicated her elaborate toilet with a wave of his razor that was appreciative and general. Miss Fentriss, who had seated herself at the table, and was sipping her coffee, paused, and set her cup down with a sharp clang. "He took the 'coon?" she said, angrily. "What did you let him do that for?"

"I tell ye I didn't hev nothin' to do with it," the old man responded, apologetically. "When I kem down last night he asked me ef ye was comin' down. I told him, 'Not this evenin'.' He seemed sorter sad and flambergasted, and asked me ef I hed any objections to the 'coon's sleepin' in his room. I thought it looked sing'lar, but didn't make none. He's powerful friendly with thet thar Tommy." The old man's reflections were lost upon Edith. She was looking past him, out the open door, in the direction of the Shadow Woods, with abstracted and dreamy eyes. "Ye don't reckon he means to collar thet 'coon?" said the old man, anxiously.

Miss Edith rose from her seat wearily, and went and leaned against the vine-clad pillar of the porch. The bees were busy with the wild honeysuckles, and made a pleasant droning sound.

"I don't know, I'm sure, father," she said, the same absent look in her eyes. "Is Git Thar saddled?"

"No, sis; but Abner kin do it." He looked at her steadily for a moment. "You don't reckon to go ridin' in thet thar outlandish rig?" he remonstrated.

"Why not?" said his daughter, smiling. "It's becoming, ain't it?"

"Becomin' enough," said the elder Fentriss; "but since you hain't got nothin' but prairie-dogs for an audience, I don't see what thet's got to do with it."

He ceased honing the razor, and pointed toward the valley with a wide wave of the hand. The shrill barking of innumerable marmots filled the air with their clamor.

Miss Fentriss coolly took down a small riding cap and whip from a peg on the porch. She adjusted the cap slowly. "Well, what I need is the exercise," she replied. "And I enjoy it all the more when I know I am not frightening the crows and buzzards." She went deliberately up to him, and putting both arms around him from behind, embraced him and fondled him in this roguish fashion.

The old man, thus captured and interrupted in the perilous operation of sharpening his razor, struggled and waved it impotently in the air, striving to turn his head to look at her.

"Don't," he said. "Be careful, Ede; you'll make your pore old father cut himself."

"I can't help it," said the laughing Edith. "I want to ask you something. Ain't you sorry you treated Ike so badly, you old precious darling?"

Mr. Fentriss, being thus suddenly recalled to a subject forbidden between them, frowned, and dropped his razor upon the floor in his embarrassment. He faced about and regarded his daughter severely.

"No, I ain't," he said, stoutly. "I ain't noways sorry, and what's more, I never will be. Ike Mosely isn't no match for my daughter. I don't want any paupers for sons-in-law; thet's solid!"

The mirth faded out of Edith's face at once. She ceased her endearments.

"Then I sha'n't love you," she retorted, dropping the old man as if he had been a hot potato, and catching up her skirts preparatory to a sudden departure. "If you don't come round on that, pop, you and I 'll have to meet as strangers." And with a wave of her riding-whip, apparently playful but significant, she dashed off the porch in the direction of the stables.

Old man Fentriss stooped in some discomfiture to recover his fallen razor. He busied himself peevishly in repairing its lost edge.

But he always remembered Edith laughing at him roguishly in the doorway, and waving her whip at him, with the sunlight flashing in her hair.

### IV.

Ten minutes later his bewitching but disobedient daughter was galloping in the direction of the "Shadow Woods," her blue velvet gown puffing about her with the rapid motion of her pony, and affording the admiring prairie-dogs a peep of her pretty ankles. A large yellow butterfly, intoxicated with the warm air and sunlight, accompanied her a short distance upon her surreptitious journey. As she drew near the woods she slackened her pace, and rode on slowly with abstracted and listless eyes. Her red lips were parted with the ecstasy of some recollection, and she threw the bridle loosely upon the neck of her horse, her fancy captive and her thoughts adream. Still busy with these thoughts, she entered the twilight aisles of the spicy wood, and was soon lost in its shadows, but her progress was marked by the echoing foot-falls of her horse.

She had almost reached her rendezvous of the day before when a consciousness of some neighboring human presence recalled her to herself. A small fire burned at the foot of the hollow tree, over which some slices of bacon were broiling, with a few potatoes roasting in the coals. A coffee-pot set in the embers was hissing merrily, and filling the wilds with its grateful odor. Evidently her retreat was being utilized for domestic purposes. With a half-indignant feeling she drew rein, when the hanging strip of bark was pushed aside, and a light athletic figure jumped quickly down, followed by the bounding 'coon. It was the sheriff.

Evidently Mr. Mosely had undergone a strange metamorphosis. He was quite changed from the blond Apollo of the evening before. The light locks and curling beard were gone, and instead a smooth, handsome face, dark hair, and steel-blue eyes met the surprised gaze of his visitor. She stared at him a breathless moment with widely opened eyes and mounting color; the next she slipped from the saddle, and with a little joyous cry was clasped in his arms. A mocking-bird that had been practising an amatory duet with his sweetheart all the morning was apparently stricken mute by this more practical wooing of the archenemy man. For a few seconds the feathered lovers upon the limb above were treated to an edifying tableau, and then Miss Edith slipped from the sheriff's reluctant embrace, and began, after the fashion of womankind, to erase all evidences of late familiarity. She raised her hands to her head and readjusted the silver arrow which Mr. Mosely in his preoccupation had slightly disarranged. Meanwhile she recovered her volubility.

"To think, Ike, that it should have been *you*, dear!" she exclaimed, fondly. "And *I* half frightened to death for fear some vagabond had run off with the 'coon. For shame, you naughty boy!"

She here held up one finger in so arch and fascinating a way that the sheriff was quite beside himself, and made an ineffectual attempt to embrace her again. She deftly eluded his grasp.

"No more to-day," she said, mischievously. "I think one kiss quite a plenty after such behavior as yours. But give an account of yourself, sir. What have you been up to? And why haven't you answered my letters? And what is gone with father's eyes that he should describe you as the fascinating and 'light-complected' sheriff of Oskaloo?"

A shade passed over Mosely's face, and the warm glance in his eyes became hard and glittering, like chilled steel.

"I reckoned *you'd* know it must be me, Ede," he said; "but of course I did what I could to fool the old man. There's my scalp lock and war-paint." He indicated a blond wig and false beard thrown carelessly upon a pile of gray moss at the foot of the tree. "A travelling theatrical company got stranded in Oskaloo last week. I made myself solid with the manager, and absorbed some of the properties to run up and see you. Some gutta-percha tooth-covers I wore changed me considerable, and destroyed your father's appreciation of my ivories."

Mr. Mosely here smiled engagingly upon Edith, revealing a once very regular line of white teeth. Here and there in the upper jaw a tooth appeared to be missing.

Miss Fentriss was much distressed at this lamentable dental spectacle but the sheriff, with a laugh, dashed his hand to his mouth and quickly restored their original symmetry. He held the black cases aloft for Edith's inspection.

"How dreadful!" she exclaimed. "And is it possible these actors disfigure themselves in that way?"

"And detectives as well, I reckon," replied Mosely, as he restored the hideous things to his vest pocket. "It's part of the trade. But come, sweetheart, how's the governor, and does he weaken any in his antipathy to me?"

Edith smiled a little sadly as she replied: "No—not a jot! Why, it ain't a half-hour ago that I left him, after stating his views in very precise language. Father's so set up since the boom in live-stock made him 'big rich'! They say 'absence makes the heart grow fonder,' but in your case, Ike, it don't seem to work. But I'm keeping at him," she added, quickly, as she noticed a hopeless look gather in the sheriff's eyes, "and if you'll only have patience, old fellow, I reckon I'll fetch him yet."

This reckless young lady accompanied the assurance with a caress so characteristic that Mr. Mosely was fain to draw nearer to her and renew his endearments.

"One moment, Edith," he said, with an intensity that thrilled her nerves. "Let me hear you say that again. Does my darling care more for my happiness than her father's?"

The girl looked up with a strange fascinated glance into the eyes gazing intently into her own. She saw their blue depths all alight with love's unutterable longing. But her feminine nature strove against the glad response of which her heart was full.

"That depends, old fellow," she whispered. "I think papa unreasonable, hard-hearted, and all that, but I can't forget that I am Reuben Fentriss's daughter."

"Listen to me, little one," said her companion, taking her hand in both his own. "I want you to forget it. I want you to run away with me this very night. The game is made. The San Antonio coach is due here at 6.30. I can stop it at the crossing. We can be in Corpus Christi and married by the nearest *padre* by midnight. That done, as Sheriff Mosely's wife you can challenge all the angry fathers in the land."

Miss Edith Fentriss listened eagerly to this novel proposition. There was that about it that caught her romantic fancy. But although deeply in love with the man at her side, she had the feminine desire to cut a dash at her wedding, albeit her father's prejudices against her lover made this dream unlikely of fulfilment. So she evaded the issue.

"Sheriff Mosely's wife?" she said. "And is it true, then, that you are really sheriff? I thought that was a hoax as much as your disguise. You don't tell me that you are sheriff!"

"Certain," said the conscious officer, blushing proudly under the eyes that were dearest to him in Greytown. "I'm rather popular with the boys, and they ran me in at the last election without finding it necessary to consult the tombstones in the burying-grounds to get a majority in the returns. I'm rather young for the place, but I've managed thus far to run one or two road-agents to ground, and justify their choice."

He laid his hands significantly on his pistols as he spoke.

"But come, Ede, we 'ain't much time to spare, and I'm not blessed with patience."

He twitched the fastenings of his pistol-belt nervously. The girl hesitated. She cast a quick glance at her saddled pony, and one at the captive 'coon, which had become entangled as usual among the dry branches of a fallen tree, and was frisking about restlessly. She drew near the sheriff, and catching him by the lapels of his coat—woman's characteristic method of taking the enemy captive—she looked earnestly up into his eyes, and decided.

"Ike," she said, "it's a reckless thing I'm going to do, and I may live to repent it, but whether I do or not, it's done from love of you, and let that end it. I reckon the time comes some day to every woman that all the world is naught to her in place of one only man, and you are *that* man, and I'm your sweetheart. I ain't exactly dressed for a wedding trip, and blue velvet isn't just the color for a trousseau, but if you are satisfied, dear, I am. We'll stop that coach, and settle this business."

She picked up her riding-whip, which lay at her feet, and catching up the skirt of her trailing gown, made a little pirouette as she finished. With her flashing brown eyes and heightened color, she seemed a bewildering vision to the enraptured lover. He sprang forward and clasped her in his arms.

### V.

It was almost dark. The Corpus Christi and San Antonio coach was bowling along with flashing lights and dusty wheels, as if in rivalry of the fabulous rate of speed which the company's advertising cards announced to a credulous public. The "insides" were all quiet, and those who had been tempted by the genial weather to book as "outsides," had long since repented and gone below to drowse within the stuffy interior. The horses were jaded and the driver half asleep when they reached Greytown Crossing. Here that worthy was startled by a hail from the road-side that recalled him to his customary vigilance.

It was, indeed, a nondescript couple that demanded his attention. With the demonstrative gallantry of his class he took a soft hand in his, and assisted a diminutive but closely veiled figure to his lofty perch on the box seat, clad in a robe that would have done credit to a *prima donna*. "Belton Joe" was a connoisseur of the sex, but forbore all criticism of this lady out of respect for her escort, who, heavily spurred and encumbered by his pistols, took the other place on the outside.

"How's the road?" demanded the stranger, with a keen glance of his eyes that looked almost black in the shade of his broad sombrero. "Any trouble from agents?"

Joe, who had instantly recognized in his passenger the young sheriff of Oskaloo, became communicative at once.

"P'r'aps by the time we get by the 'Shadow Woods' I'll be able to tell ye, Ike. It's quiet enough down below. There's a report thar that they've all gone up kentry."

"Is that so?" queried Mosely, taking a small flask from his pocket and silently extending it to his companion.

Belton Joe's left hand closed slyly upon the "silent comforter." It was entirely hidden from view in his mighty palm. He glanced covertly at the veiled figure between them both. Then he betrayed the acuteness of his early scrutiny. Without a word he laid the four leathern reins of his profession in the small gloved hands that rested crossed upon her lap.

This confidence was too much for the fair incognita. There was a flash of the dark eyes beneath the veil as a resolute little voice said, "How did *you* know I could drive?"

"Waal," said Belton Joe, pausing in the act of imbibing the liquid refreshment, and confiding a wink with the nearest eye, "*somehow, you looked like it!*"

The veiled figure, as if in appreciation of this driver's compliment, leaned forward and took up the whip. She gathered the reins in her left hand, and deftly applied the lash to the leaders. Both men exuded admiration.

"That's something like!" Joe finally said.

The sheriff rode on a few minutes in silence. Then he drew a revolver from his belt and held it toward his companion behind this intrepid rival of Phaeton.

"Can you drop a jack-rabbit at fifty yards, the way you could once?" he inquired.

Belton Joe lifted a coach lamp from its fastening and examined the arm, softly turning the cylinder.

"I reckon *so*," he said, simply.

The sheriff nodded. "Keep the mare well up with 'Lone Star,' sis, and don't let her break so," he suggested. "You may have a chance to prove *that*," he added, in a low tone, to Joe.

They were just entering the Shadow Woods. The tall trunks of trees rose about them on every side, and the long, ghostly Spanish-moss swayed fitfully in the rising wind. The moon lifted a scared white face over the vague horizon, illuminating the shadows. Afar the hoot of a melancholy owl broke the stillness. The sheriff, who was smoking silently, glanced keenly into the dim vistas as they dashed by. Presently, as the moon lifted, he grew less watchful, and abandoned himself to a proud contemplation of their intrepid charioteer. The veil had slipped aside with the violence of her exertions, and the velvet riding cap, tossed back upon her head, revealed the abundant brown hair that rippled to her shoulder. Her small gauntleted hands were held rigidly before her in curbing the horses, and one little booted foot was perched saucily upon the brake. The sheriff, who sat with one arm thrown carelessly on the back of the seat in a half-unconscious attitude of proprietorship, could not resist a silent pressure of Belton Joe's hand in admiration of this equestrian tableau.

All at once a masked figure sprang from the road-side ahead, catching one of the leaders of the coach by the bridle. The horse reared, and recoiled upon the wheelers, bringing his mate to a momentary stand-still. Both men rose in their seats, grasping their revolvers, as a motley group, armed with rifles, stepped into the road from the cover of neighboring trees. There was a breathless instant, during which the chief of the band, mounted upon a dark horse, called, "*Hold up!*" in a tone of command. The next, Edith Fentriss, rising to her feet, laid the cracking whip smartly about the heads of the leaders and in the very face of the man who held them, starting the lumbering vehicle forward at a mad gallop. The masked figure recoiled under the lash, and let go his hold with an oath; the rudely awakened passengers shrieked with terror, and the band of robbers, left thus in the rear of the coach, seemed disconcerted by the suddenness of the stampede. A moment only. The horses were but fairly under way when the pale moonlight was rent with a succession of blinding flashes, and a volley of rifle bullets whistled after the flying coach.

The quick, reverberating reports of the fire-arms awoke the sheriff to action.

"Don't mind the nags!" he shouted hoarsely to Joe, who was striving to dispossess Edith of the reins. "*She* can handle 'em. I reckon the mare's got it anyway, and let her run while her life lasts. *One of 'em's after us mounted; look out for him!*"

The warning was none too soon. As he spoke, the hoof beats of a horse ridden furiously thundered in their rear, and a mounted figure, brandishing a "six-shooter," dashed up to the front wheel. Mosely had but an instant to glimpse him in the flash of the coach lamp, but in that instant his revolver exploded. He felt a pistol bullet sing by his cheek, as he saw the rider throw up his hands and reel in the saddle. The next moment the coach stopped with a sudden lurch, the reins relaxed, and Belton Joe sprang forward with an imprecation.

"He's down!" cried Mosely, joyfully. "Let 'em out, sis! The others are distanced."

He turned as he spoke. The off wheel-horse lay dead upon the road, and Joe had slipped from his seat, supporting with difficulty the form of Edith, who lay helpless and fainting in his arms.

"What's up?" said Mosely in an anguished voice, bending over her. "Don't tell me you're hit, sis! Don't say he shot you!"

She stretched out one little hand to him feebly—a little hand still marked by the cruel rein in that mad race for life.

"I'm faint, Ike," she murmured. "Lift me up, dear. They hit me when we first started."

The sheriff raised her tenderly in his arms.

"You drove like that—wounded?" he said.

A smile struggled to the lips of the dying girl.

"Closer, Ike," she whispered. "I can't see your face. Kiss me, dearest. When—I—get home—"

She stopped suddenly. A tremor shook her body, and she fell back in the sheriff's arms. She had reached home.

## THE VOYAGEURS' CROSS.

Since the days when the politic Frontenac made formal alliance, offensive and defensive, with Du Thut, the prince of woodsmen, the lot of the Canadian voyageur has suffered change. It could never have been a very comfortable lot, and when the lumber trade supplanted the peltry trade as the great national industry, there was added the crowning discomfort of steady, hard work. The voyageur's sheath-knife was transformed into an axe, and from desultory warfare against Indians, otter, and beaver, his attentions were transferred to the unexciting demolition of the forests. In winter he no longer lives by his gun and trap, but by the staying power of his bicipital muscle. In summer he no longer shoots the foaming rapid in his light canoe, but farms in a small way, or catches and packs fish down the Gulf, or even, acquiring some sort of a trap (generally a rattletrap), lays himself out to entertain the summer tourist, and swindles even as he entertains. Yet so potent is his inherent picturesqueness that it can survive the dark disguise of an extortionate "cabby," while in winter, at the *chantiers* (lumber camps), it reveals itself in splendor.

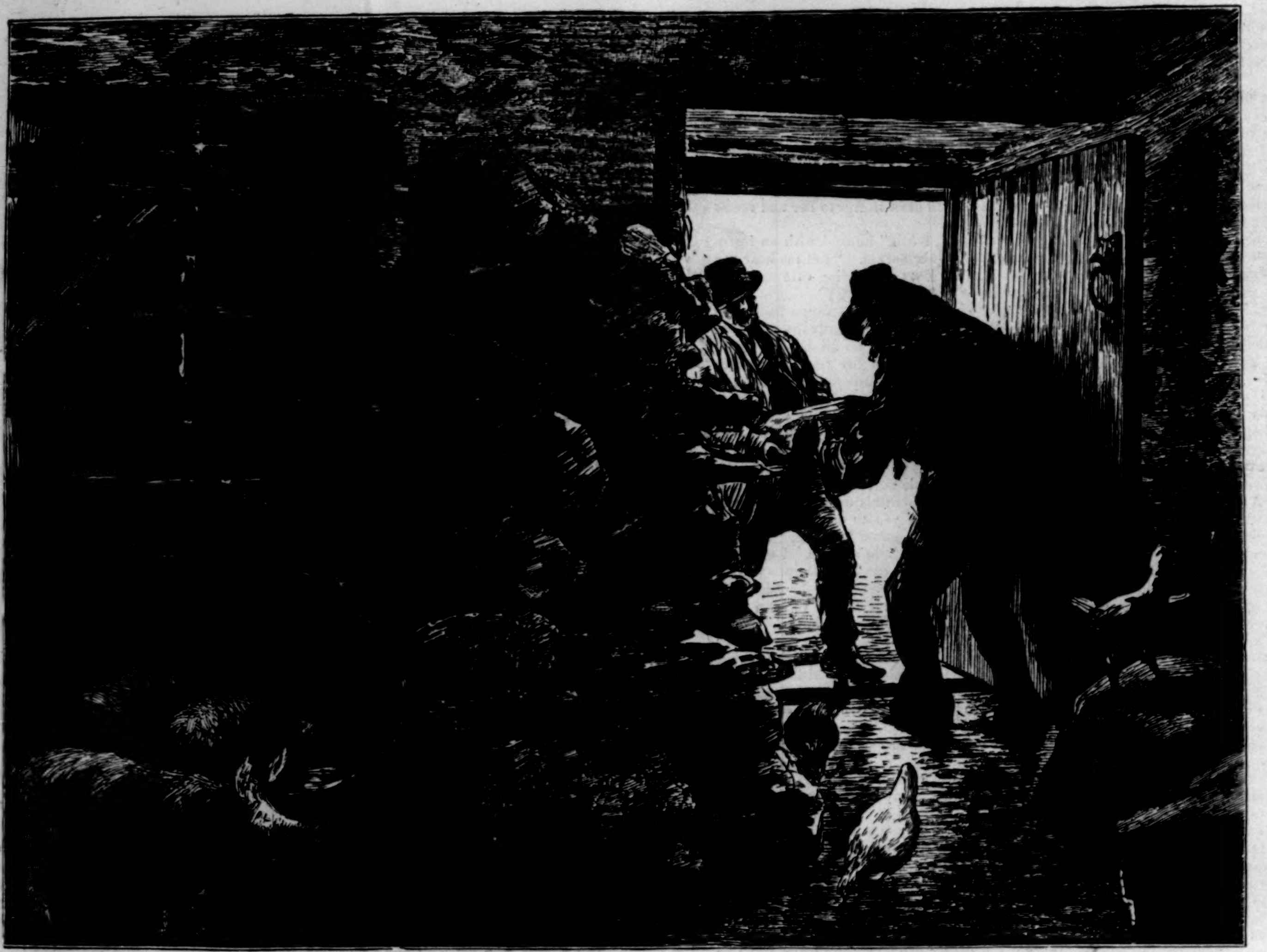
In the *chantiers* the voyageur wears gray homespun shirt and breeches and knitted cap; his boots are of hide, with moccasin feet, and cross-laced to the knee; for over-garment he dons the *capote à capuchon* (hooded coat) with bright woollen sash. In the *chantiers* too he shouts his innumerable chansons in the rhythm of which one hears the beat of a paddle or the long swing of an oar. The costume and the singing are elements of the picturesqueness; but, after all, it is grounded in the voyageur's changeless religion. He is the simplest and most devout of Catholics. If he hears the Angelus bell he never fails to pull off his cap. If, when he is driving a train of provisions along the frozen river, he comes to a wayside cross, he invariably stops and kneels to say a prayer. These crosses are seen in all sorts of unexpected places—on mountain-tops, in ravines, and by lonely roads. In scattered parishes they serve for devotions instead of a church, and in the wilderness as a sign to the wanderer. Sometimes they are erected by a pious soul as thank-offering for a miracle vouchsafed to him. One that stands far in the interior, by a branch of the St. Maurice, has a special significance for Louis Tache. He is fond of telling the story at length when time lags, and briefly when it presses.

"Josef was sick. He had the devils in his stomach. That *poltron d'Irlandais*, Pad-dee, had stolen the whiskey bottle last night and got drunk on the last drop. There was a big camp on the other side, two miles below, at the head of the *sault* [rapid]. It was near the end of March. The ice was not too safe, but it held. I said: 'Josef, the boy, shall not die. I, Louis, will go and get something.' It was near dark. I went and got a bottle of whiskey and tucked it in the pocket of my capote. When I started back the moon was shining. Now, I should have kept up by the shore to the narrows a quarter of a mile above our camp. But that was long, and I struck right across the broad river a mile above the sault. I was gay. I sang:

> 'Pauv' voyageur que t'as d'la misère!
> Souvent tu couches par terre;
> À la pluie, au mauvais temps;
> À la rigueur de tous les temps!
> Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons.'

*Crac!* A mountain had tumbled on the river and was crunching through. I knew on the instant it was the *débâcle*. The ice had started. The shock threw me forward. The toes of my right foot caught in a surface crack. I fell flat my whole length—it is six feet two. I sprang up. The pain in my toes made me sit down hard without an if you please. I raised myself on my hands and knees. I shouted 'Nicette! Josef! Pad-dee!' The water rumbled under the ice that rose and fell. I thought a little second. Then I took a drink of the whiskey, tucked the bottle in my shirt, and threw off my capote. I made for our shore on all fours like a big rabbit. The floe ran down fast. The rumbling grew to a roar like the voice of earthquakes. I have been in earthquakes *en bas* [on the lower St. Lawrence].

"I was nearing the shore, when the river shivered a long shiver from the heart of the mountains to the sault. Then came a frightful explosion; then shock after shock, like thunder-claps. The ice parted under my hands into a wide crevasse, and on the other side it was breaking, fighting, and grinding like demons. I looked up the river. The narrows were jammed, and the blocks, piling up like a wall, held back the torrent. The moon shone on the sharp, jagged edges, that looked like rows of monsters' teeth. It was horrible. I knew that in a few moments the jam would move, and come crashing down with the torrents. Then I, *homme-de-cage* [raftsman], *voyageur, bon garçon*—I, Louis Tache, who talks to you—would go over the sault in crumbs no bigger than the nail of your thumb. I shrieked, and sprang to my feet. I felt no pain. There is no pain when one sees death. 'Holy Virgin, mother of God, have mercy!' I prayed aloud. The floe was flying down. As I prayed, it neared a rocky point with a tall pine standing up. As I prayed, the old pine took the shape of the holy cross, and a voice from heaven cried: 'Jump, Louis Tache. The Virgin hears.' I pulled myself together, and threw out my long arms, and jumped. My arms clasped the tree—the cross. I was saved. I crawled up the cliffs, for the flood was racing down and covering the shores. I crawled through the wet snow, till my cries brought the men who had come out to see the *débâcle*. Then Nicette, Josef, and I shared the whiskey, with one little, little drop for Pad-dee. Beneath the tree I planted the cross. Every summer I come to see, and it is safe. The ice fiends rush against it only to destroy themselves, you understand."



PREPARING TO RESIST AN EVICTION IN GALWAY.

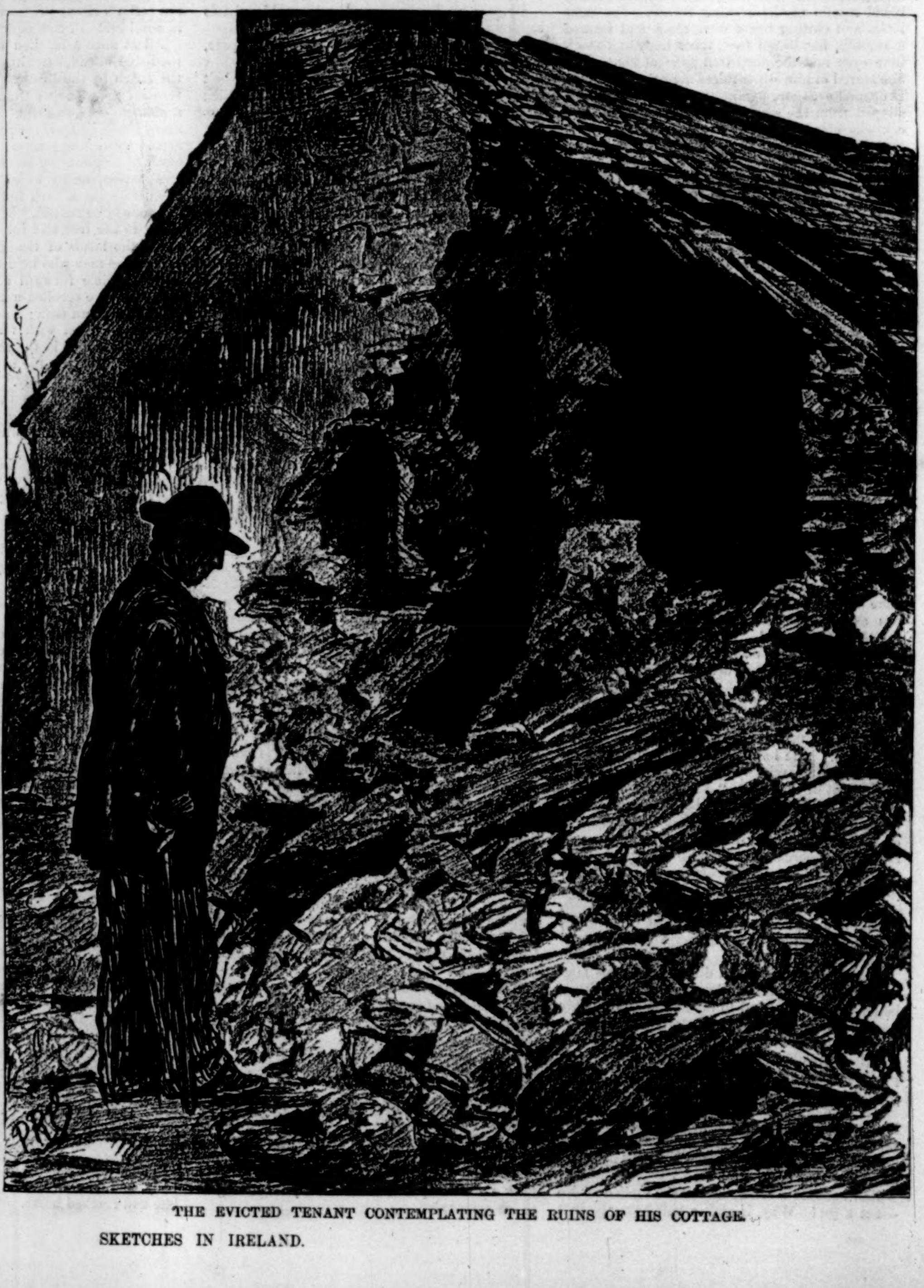
## A GALWAY EVICTION.

The Normans brought into England and Scotland their own ideas concerning architecture, which were primarily such as accorded with a people more concerned with governing a turbulent conquered race than giving themselves the comforts of light, air, and cleanliness. Wattled houses were too frail, and timber forts and dwellings were far too inviting to the flames to be safe domiciles for the conquerors. So they reared fortresses with walls enormously thick at the foot to resist battering-rams, and with very few openings larger than loop-holes for the passage of arrows. Some of these, or buildings erected later in this old Norman style, linger in Scotland. The Normans introduced into church and lay architecture, also, the common use of stone, and when their Welsh cousins were invited to Ireland in the twelfth century by petty Irish princes, forever squabbling, forever betraying their country, as the greater part of the titled men of Ireland do to-day, they brought the fashion of stone with them. Up to that time the Church had practically monopolized the use of stone in building throughout the Emerald Isle, always excepting districts which did not grow wood, and where stone was handier and cheaper. As Irish soldiers always had a contempt for heavy armor and boasted of fighting in their pelts, so the Irish people disliked town life, and in their houses adhered as long as they could to primitive simplicity. The Norman fashions broke down the national feeling in both respects; but while at times the barons reverted to the costume and fighting habits of the original Irish, with whom they intermixed, the architecture remained massive and of stone, and continues so to this day. One reason for this is, of course, the scarcity of timber, arising from the destruction of forests in Ireland, owing to the increased density of population, which in the early part of this century crept up toward ten millions, but has now fallen to five. Another is the conservativism of the Irish, which was kept up by the wretched system of government in the past—a government composed of ignorant Lord-Lieutenants and contemptuous Parliaments, preventing, as it did, the natural participation of Ireland in the progress of the rest of the United Kingdom.

Hence the formidable efforts needed to force a dwelling, which might be termed a hovel when we consider its size and its comforts, but which when assailed has astonishing powers of resistance. Had the peasant in former periods been able to improve his house without fear of the rent being raised, the evictors of today would find their task much lighter, for with greater ease and education the comforts would have been consulted, and small farmers would have built lighter, higher dwellings of brick and wood, with more windows and doors. As it is, the ordinary cabin or farm-house is a low structure of stone, with walls unnecessarily thick, one low, heavy door, and the fewest and smallest windows. A coat of whitewash is applied inside and out. The roof is thatched, or covered with slate, if the tenant has any thrift, or, having that quality, is not deterred by the general hopelessness of his outlook. Walls of such thickness, properly built, would support three or four stories, but the cheapness of labor and the abundance of stone have aided in keeping such primitive methods alive in Ireland when they have almost disappeared from the more favored island.

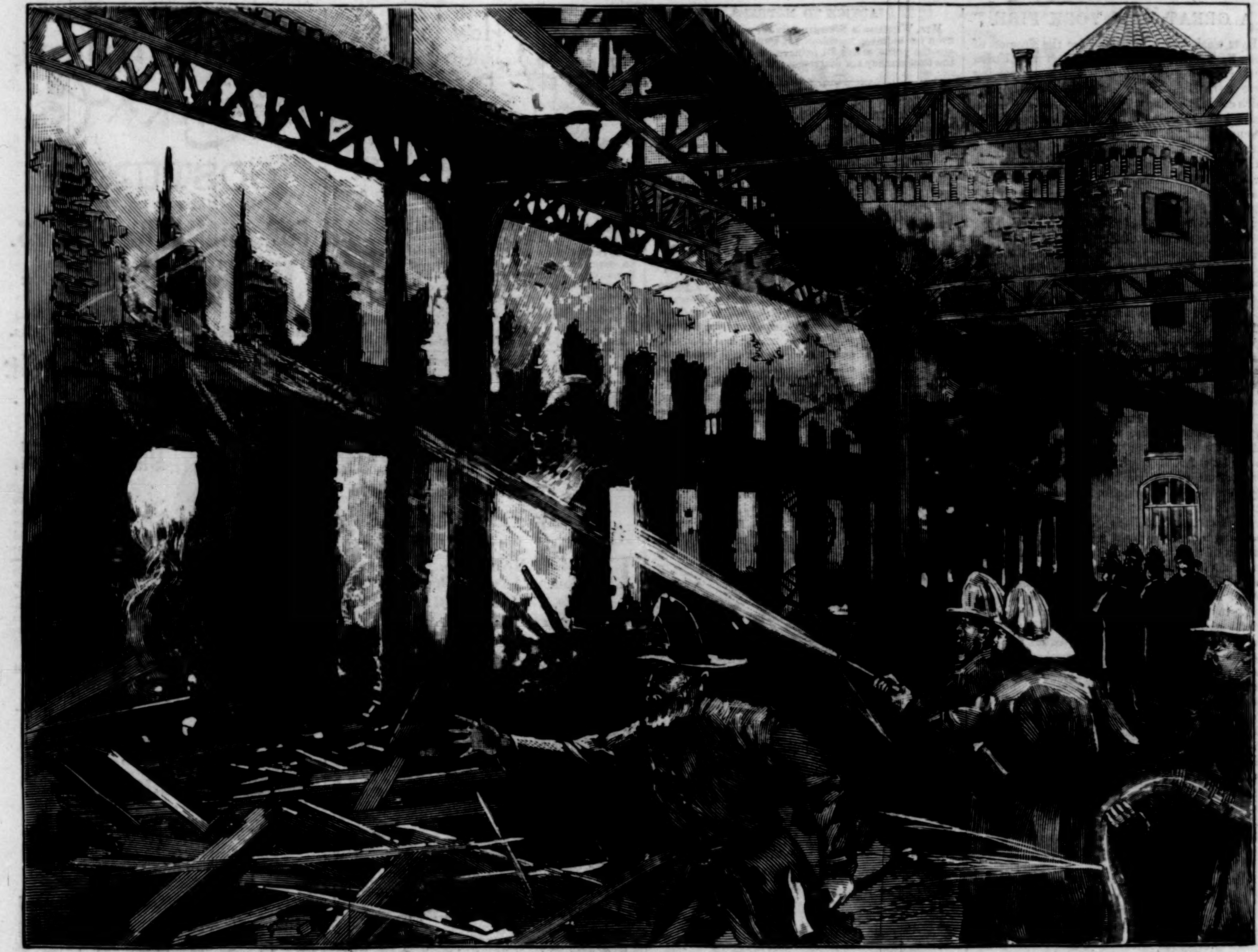
The house whose garrison we depict this week in the act of preparing to receive the crowbar brigade does not rely on its powerful walls alone. The defenders have scoured the neighborhood for bowlders, beams, and even old iron gates, and attempted to repeat in a hurry, and without masonry, the efforts of the Norman fort-builders. The latter sloped the foot of their tower or fort, in order to bother a battering-ram, and leave the superstructure unshaken by its blows. The peasant to-day carts heavy stones to his walls, and hopes, while the crowbar men are removing them to assail the wall itself, that he and his comrades can make it literally "hot" for them. A stirabout made of meal, lime, and water is cooked in a huge pot and flung from the upper part of the window, or sometimes from a hole made for that grand occasion in the thatch of the roof. Sometimes the women insist on taking part in the defence, and make themselves useful in flinging hot mush and water. The men arm themselves with sticks, and care little how they are knocked about if they can "fetch a welt" to a loathsome crowbar-man or a member of the detested constabulary. The peasants take turns in defending barricaded houses, as also in being out all night on the hills to watch for the police.

Of course, as the magistrates are against the people, being for the greater part dependent on government, and generally members of the class, and not the mass, these hopeless fighters are sent to jail as soon as taken. Many have been offenders more than once, and take a pleasure in their work, having become, as it were, expert defiers of the law. Our second sketch shows the amount of trouble necessary to effect an entrance into the cabin, and the artist has sketched the former householder, or tenant, regarding his ruined home with anything but pleasant feelings toward the men whom England and Scotland consider worthy to govern. He has no hope of reaching their hearts. He has simply turned like a wild beast on the tools they permit and encourage his landlord to use. If he is homeless, he has the sinister satisfaction of knowing that the little farm must lie unoccupied for years, since nobody will dare to take his place.

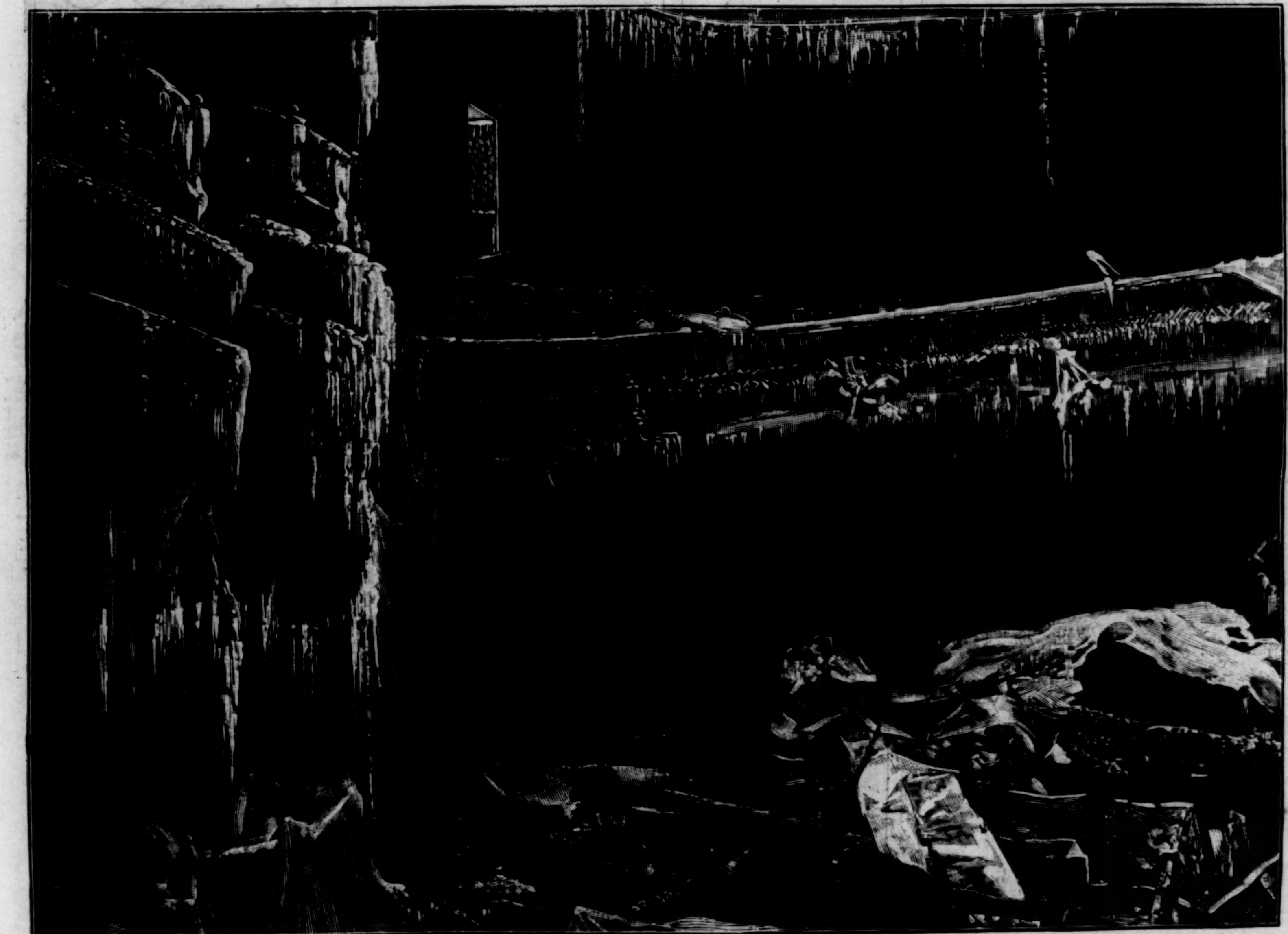


THE EVICTED TENANT CONTEMPLATING THE RUINS OF HIS COTTAGE.

SKETCHES IN IRELAND.



THE GREAT NEW YORK FIRE AT FORTY-SECOND STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE.—DRAWN BY F. V. DU MOND.—[SEE PAGE 174.]



INTERIOR OF UNION SQUARE THEATRE THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HILL BROTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

## A GREAT NEW YORK FIRE.

Last week was a busy one for the firemen of New York. On Tuesday afternoon the Union Square Theatre was burned. The same evening there were fires in the lower part of the city which caused the ringing of the "three sixes"—the dreaded alarm which calls out the bulk of all the fire-engines in the city. On Thursday the "three sixes" were rung again for a great fire at Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street, which was one of the most threatening that New York has known for years. This was the burning of the Pottier & Stymus furniture factory. This factory had a frontage of 200 feet on Lexington Avenue, extending from Forty-first to Forty-second Street, and ran 200 feet along Forty-second Street, and 230 feet along Forty-first. Fire broke out in it shortly after noon, and in a short time the firemen were engaged with a body of flame that was nearly half a block square, and that reached skyward in a tremendous waving and roaring column. Then the famous "three sixes" was sent over the wires, and this signal brought into service nearly one-half of the companies forming the fighting force of the department. Twenty-three engines were kept at work for many hours to save the neighboring buildings. The water-pressure was low and the wind was high. When the rear wall of the factory fell it crushed two adjoining tenement-houses in Forty-second Street as though they were boxes of pasteboard. The people in all the surrounding factories and tenements had been got out, and no lives were lost. Houses a block and more away were set on fire. The iron shutters of the Manhattan Storage Warehouse, a ponderous fire-proof building just across Lexington Avenue, were warped by the intense heat, and lines of hose, which the firemen had been compelled to abandon in Lexington Avenue, were curled up and destroyed. The ties of the elevated road in Forty-second Street were set on fire, and a section of the road itself was smashed later by one of the falling walls. The Vanderbilt Hotel, across Forty-second Street, and several houses adjoining, were partially burned. It was almost a miracle that no fatal accidents attended the blaze, and there were some very narrow escapes on the part of the policemen and firemen. The building occupied by the Pottier & Stymus Co. was owned by Robert and Ogden Goelet, and valued at $125,000. The furniture company lost $150,000. The entire loss by the fire was in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million of dollars.

## PRUDENCE! PRUDENCE!

In medication, as in aught else, prudence should be our guide. Yet thousands cast it to the winds. Every new nostrum finds its patrons, the medical empirics of every false school have their gulls. Every change in the gamut of humbug is rung successfully—for a time at least—the notes being furnished by the credulous. In happy contrast to the many advertised impostures of the day stands Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, now in its third decade of popularity, approved and recommended by physicians, endorsed by the press of many lands, sought and prized by invalids everywhere. It is an ascertained specific for and preventive of malarial diseases, chronic indigestion, liver complaint, and constipation, checks the growth of rheumatism and neuralgia, is a peerless invigorant and useful diuretic. Nervous people benefit by it.—[*Adv.*]

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Family Medicines and Toilet Requisites. Because:

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Fourth—Their preparations, without exception, are the most reliable, reasonable, satisfactory, and best value of any manufacturer in the United States. Send for their illustrated catalogue of family medicines and toilet requisites, which is mailed free on request.

Their goods are now for sale almost everywhere, or may be obtained direct from Riker & Son, druggists and manufacturing chemists, 353 6th Ave., New York, Established 42 years.—[*Adv.*]

## COUGHS.

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and Bronchial Affections. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

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### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

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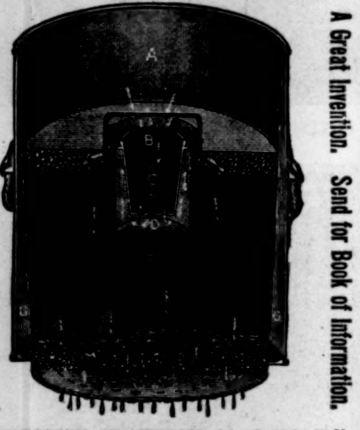

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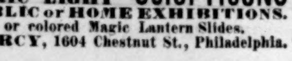

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Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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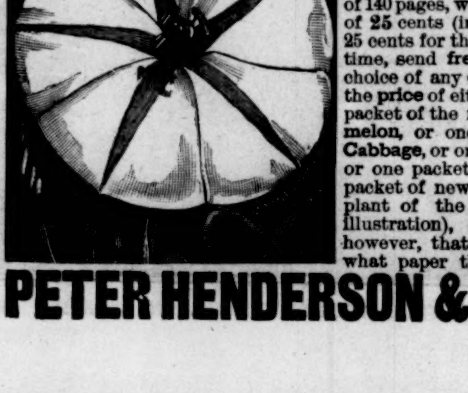

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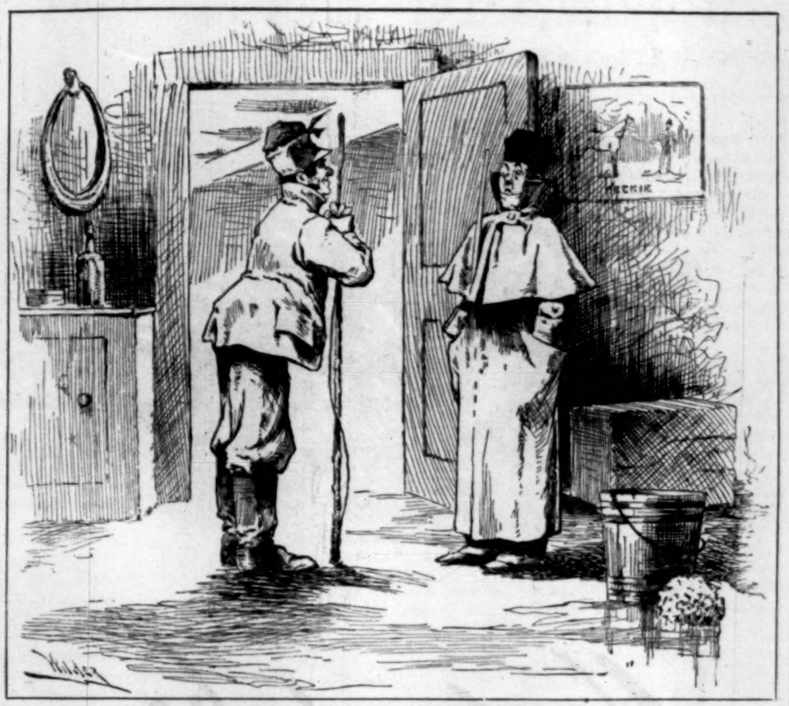

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The New and Original Models of Gowns, Coats, Hats, &c., designed by the Messrs. Redfern for the approaching season, are now on view. Also, the largest stock of imported fabrics in the U. S. A.

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DREERS EARLY GOLDEN CLUSTER WAX POLE BEAN

DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR

Jubilee Edition, 1888.

Established 1838. In celebrating our golden anniversary, we will make a present of one packet of Dreer's Golden Cluster Wax Bean to every one who mentions this paper and remits 15c. in stamps to cover cost of finest catalogue ever issued of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, and every garden requisite, containing two colored plates and hundreds of engravings. Concise directions for cultivation. Valuable to all who plant seeds.

HENRY A. DREER,
714 Chestnut St., Philada.

ARMSTRONG BRACE!

ELASTIC SUSPENDER WITHOUT RUBBER COMBINING COMFORT AND DURABILITY.

No Rubber used in these goods. Nickel Plated Brass Springs furnish the Elasticity. Ask Your Dealer for Them.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, at the following list:

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|---|---|---|
| A | Quality, plain or fancy web | $ 50 |
| B | " " " web | 75 |
| C | " " " web | 1 00 |
| D | " " " web | 1 25 |
| E | " plain silk web | 1 50 |
| F | " fancy silk web | 2 00 |

ARMSTRONG MFG. CO.,
216 Church st., N. Y. 267 Franklin st., Chicago.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY! A package Mixed Flower seeds (500 kinds), with PARK'S FLORAL GUIDE, all for 2 stamps. Every flower-lover delighted. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, Fannettsburg, Pa.

☞ Send at once. This notice will not appear again.

Arnold Constable & Co

SPRING NOVELTIES.

"ANDERSON'S"

Tennis Costume Cloths & Suitings,

PRINTED, FANCY STRIPED, AND CHECKED

FRENCH FLANNELS.

Broadway & 19th st.

GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP,

GENUINE
YANKEE SOAP,
Manufactured at
MANCHESTER CONN,
WILLIAMS & BROTHERS
CHEMISTS AND APOTHECARIES.

for 50 years has been famous for its rich soothing and lasting lather and is the favorite with "SHAVERS" everywhere.

Sold by all dealers in drugs and notions, or sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.

The J. B. Williams Co. Shaving Soap Specialties, Glastonbury, Ct. Formerly Williams & Bros.

CONSUMPTION

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for NERVOUS DEBILITY and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

CURED

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

BY far the most popular TOY of the season is the ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BLOCKS, manufactured by F. AD. RICHTER & Co., of 310 Broadway, N. Y. The entire stock was exhausted before Christmas, and the demand on the presently replenished stock is enormous. For $1.75 or $2.00 a good average box. Send for descriptive price-list.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.

Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER Co., Holly, Mich.

# FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Office: Nos. 346 and 348 Broadway, New York.

## JANUARY 1, 1888.

**Amount of Net Assets, January 1, 1887 ............ $71,819,623.48**

### REVENUE ACCOUNT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Premiums | $19,328,519.87 | | |
| Less deferred premiums, January 1, 1887 | 1,041,666.15— | $18,286,853.72 | |
| Interest and rents, etc. | 4,252,430.50 | | |
| Less Interest accrued January 1, 1887 | 486,497.10— | 3,765,933.40— | $22,052,787.12 |
| | | | **$93,872,410.60** |

### DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Losses by Death, and Endowments matured and discounted (including reversionary additions to same) | | $4,361,366.83 | |
| Dividends (including mortuary dividends), annuities, and purchased insurances | | 5,173,843.96 | |
| Total Paid Policy-holders | $9,535,210.79 | | |
| Taxes and re-insurances | | 264,495.60 | |
| Commissions (including advanced and commuted commissions), brokerages, agency expenses, physicians' fees, etc. | | 3,531,026.06 | |
| Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc. | | 629,360.98— | $13,960,093.43 |
| | | | **$79,912,317.17** |

### ASSETS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cash on deposit, on hand, and in transit | $3,038,499.60 | |
| United States Bonds and other bonds and stocks (market value, $52,255,814.82) | 49,088,286.14 | |
| Real Estate | 6,887,092.59 | |
| Bonds and Mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for $14,000,000 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security) | 15,969,372.78 | |
| Temporary Loans (market value of securities held as collateral, $2,404,853) | 1,867,500.00 | |
| *Loans on existing policies (the Reserve on these policies, included in Liabilities, amounts to over $2,000,000) | 388,799.44 | |
| *Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1888 | 1,174,340.36 | |
| *Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection. (The Reserve on these policies, included in Liabilities, is estimated at $1,300,000) | 839,156.08 | |
| Agents' balances | 170,792.59 | |
| Accrued Interest on investments, January 1, 1888 | 488,477.59— | $79,912,317.17 |
| **Market value of securities over cost value on Company's books** | | 3,167,528.68 |

*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

**TOTAL ASSETS, January 1, 1888, - - - - - $83,079,845.85**

**Appropriated as follows:**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Approved losses in course of payment | | $327,078.38 | |
| Reported losses awaiting proof, &c. | | 292,214.54 | |
| Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented) | | 27,582.30 | |
| Annuities due and unpaid (claims not presented) | | 13,042.96 | |
| Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle net premium | $68,807,642.00 | | |
| Additional amount of Reserve (transferred from Surplus account) required on account of new State Standard of valuation (Actuaries' 4 per cent.), taking effect December 31, 1887 | 1,592,098.00— | 70,399,740.00 | |
| Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, January 1, 1887, over and above a 4 per cent. Reserve on existing policies of that class | 4,176,425.25 | | |
| Addition to the Fund during 1887 | 1,785,602.54 | | |
| DEDUCT— | $5,962,027.79 | | |
| Returned to Tontine policy-holders during year on matured Tontines, | 646,306.96 | | |
| Balance of Tontine Fund Jan. 1, 1888 | | 5,315,720.83 | |
| Reserved for premiums paid in advance | | 52,886.73 | |
| | | | **$76,428,265.74** |
| **Divisible Surplus (Company's new Standard)** | | | **$6,651,580.11** |
| | | | **$83,079,845.85** |

**Surplus by the present New York State Standard, i. e. 4 per cent. Actuaries' (including the Tontine Fund) ............ $11,846,793.06**

From the undivided surplus, as above, the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

**Number of policies issued during the year, 28,522. Risks assumed, $106,749,295.**

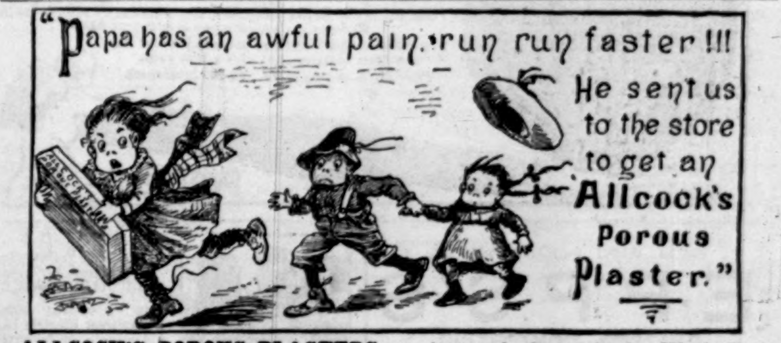
**Total number of policies in force December 31, 1887, 113,323. Amount of risk, $358,935,536.**

TRUSTEES:

WM. H. APPLETON,
WILLIAM H. BEERS,
WILLIAM A. BOOTH,
HON. BENJ. H. BRISTOW,
W. F. BUCKLEY,
HENRY BOWERS,
JOHN CLAFLIN,
ROBERT B. COLLINS,
ALEX. STUDWELL,
HENRY TUCK,
ELIAS S. HIGGINS,
WALTER H. LEWIS,
EDWARD MARTIN,
RICHARD MUSER,
A. H. WELCH,
GEORGE H. POTTS,
C. C. BALDWIN,
JOHN N. STEARNS,
WM. L. STRONG,
L. L. WHITE.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.
A. HUNTINGTON, M.D., Medical Director.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, President.
HENRY TUCK, Vice-President.
ARCHIBALD H. WELCH, 2d Vice-President.
RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.


"Papa has an awful pain, run run faster!!! He sent us to the store to get an Allcock's Porous Plaster."

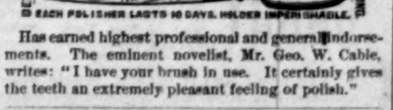
ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the standard remedy for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Pulmonary and Kidney Difficulties, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Heart, Spleen, Liver, and Stomach Affections, Strains, and all Local Pains.

They relieve and cure when other applications are without the slightest benefit.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentations.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Experience shows the superiority over bristles of the


"IDEAL FELT TOOTH POLISHER"
HORSEY MFG. CO. UTICA, N.Y.
18 POLISHERS BOXED 25c
HANDSOME HOLDER 35c
BENEFICIAL
BEAUTIFYING
EACH POLISHER LASTS 10 DAYS. HOLDER IMPERISHABLE.

Has earned highest professional and general endorsements. The eminent novelist, Mr. Geo. W. Cable, writes: "I have your brush in use. It certainly gives the teeth an extremely pleasant feeling of polish."

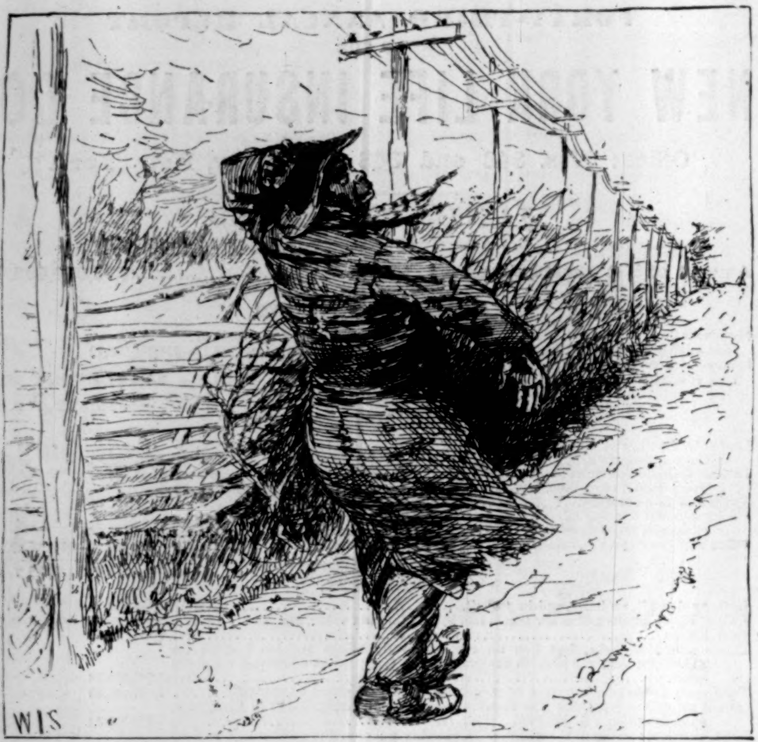
PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

PARADISE

A NOVEL
For Sale at
BRENTANO'S
AND ALL
BOOKSELLERS.
Price, 25c.

BY LLOYD S. BRYCE.

JEAPES, Nathaniel—Communicate with Amos Jeapes, Cheshunt, Eng., respecting your interest by your deceased mother, or you will lose your interest in Jan. next.



UNC' OBADIAH TOBEY (*listening to the "whiz-z-z-z" of the wind through the telegraph wires*). "MY LAN'! SPEC' DEM TEL'GRAPH HOPERTATERS CAN ONDERSTAN' DAT AR LANGWIDGE; BUT BRESS MY STARS! I COULDN'T EXTINGUISH ONE WORD OB IT—NOT EF DE ANGEL GABR'EL HISSE'F WAR A-TELEGRAMIN' FUR DE SOUL OB OLE UNC' OBBERDIAH."

# LUNDBORG'S
## PERFUMES.

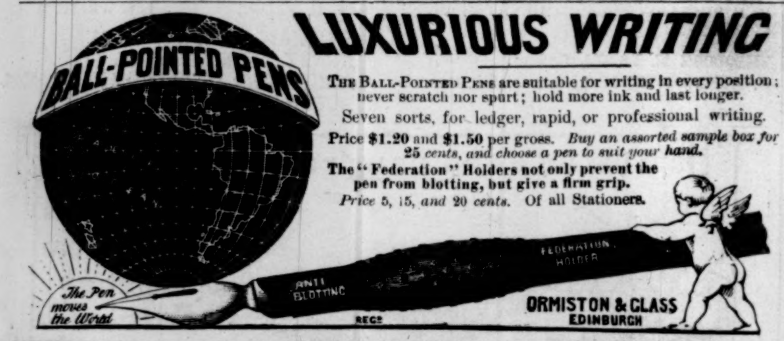
**Edenia,**
**Maréchal Niel Rose,**
**Alpine Violet.**

Lundborg's Rhenish Cologne,

**DELICATE!**
**REFINED!**
**FRAGRANT!**

These Perfumes are for sale by almost all Druggists and Dealers in Toilet Articles, but if, for any reason, they cannot be so obtained, send for a Price-List to

**LADD & COFFIN,**
Proprietors and Manufacturers of LUNDBORG'S PERFUMERY,
**24 Barclay Street, New York.**



# LUXURIOUS *WRITING*

**THE BALL-POINTED PENS are suitable for writing in every position; never scratch nor spurt; hold more ink and last longer.**

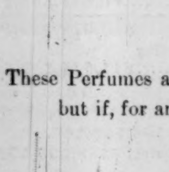
Seven sorts, for ledger, rapid, or professional writing.

**Price $1.20 and $1.50 per gross.** *Buy an assorted sample box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.*

**The "Federation" Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.**

*Price 5, 15, and 20 cents.* Of all Stationers.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
# EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
# COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.



**CURE for the DEAF**

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS **Perfectly Restore the Hearing,** and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, music, even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

WANTED—"Harper's Weekly," 1861 to 1865, or a complete set to date. **McDonnell Bros.,** Chicago.

EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

"C. & C."
Electric Motors,

Run by current supplied from Street Electric Lighting circuits or batteries.

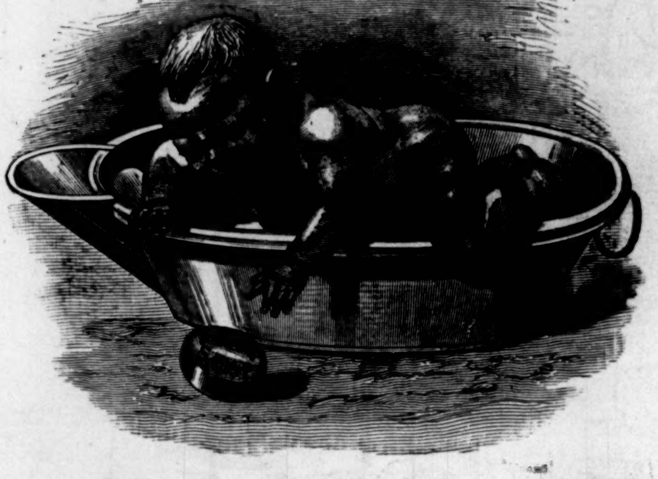
**"C. & C."**
**Electric Motor Co.,**
90 South 5th Ave., N. Y.

YOU can invest your money at 8% in amounts of $25 and upward in unquestionably sound securities which can be sold at any time you wish at probably an advance on the price you now pay.

W. M. TEWKSBURY, Banker,
**NEW YORK: 11 Wall St., and 36 West 29th St.**
**HARTFORD, CONN.: 39 Pearl St.,**
(All offices connected by exclusive Private wire.)
**Investment securities a specialty.**

**CANDY** Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, Chicago.

**JACQUES SELIGMAN'S Private Show-Rooms, 37, Rue des Mathurins, Paris. The largest choice of CURIOSITIES, antique FURNITURE, CHINA, Jade & Italian Fayence.**



He wont be happy till he gets it!

RIKER'S
COMPOUND
SARSAPARILLA

IS THE
# Best Blood Purifier
**IN THE WORLD.**

It is legally guaranteed to do all you expect or
**IT DON'T COST YOU A CENT.**
Don't use any other.
INSIST and PERSIST in having
# RIKER'S.
**SOLD ALMOST EVERYWHERE.**
Or will be sent free to any address on receipt of price by

**WM. B. RIKER & SON**
**353 6th Avenue, N. Y.**

### HOW HIS LIFE WAS SAVED.

JERSEY CITY, Oct. 9, 1887.

MR. RIKER:

DEAR SIR,—I wish to thank you for the great good I have received from taking your COMPOUND SARSAPARILLA. I can honestly say that (indirectly) it has SAVED MY LIFE, for had it not been for that I feel sure that I could not have continued to earn a living for myself and family. I had been suffering for over five years with terrible pains in the head, which at times almost drove me crazy. For eighteen months I suffered all the horrors of malaria, being confined to bed for weeks at a time; I could get no cure; doctor after doctor tried in vain; quinine was useless; I got worse and worse; my hands, arms, head, &c., became a mass of sores, which would not heal up; my blood was indeed in a TERRIBLE CONDITION, and I had about made up my mind that I would never get well, when a friend told me about your Compound Sarsaparilla, and I sent to your store for three bottles. I commenced taking it at once; before I had taken the first bottle up I commenced to feel better, the sores began healing over, my head felt better, and well, to make this long story short, the three bottles cured me; I am as well to-day as I ever was in my life. I've never had a headache nor lost a day's work since. I've worked hard all summer and never felt better. Yours gratefully, and in health,

EDWARD F. JOHNSON,
No. 269 7th Street, Jersey City.

# DECKER
**BROTHERS'**
**MATCHLESS**
# PIANOS
33 Union Square, N. Y.

# APOLLINARIS
THE QUEEN
OF TABLE WATERS.

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S
## Pictorial History of the Rebellion

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

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**185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**

*Of priceless value for preservation.*—Boston Advertiser.

**NOTICE.**—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**

# THE DEFENCE OF OUR PORTS.

### BY J. P. SANGER, CAPTAIN FIRST ARTILLERY, BREVET-MAJOR, U.S.A.

THE assembling of Congress, and the revival of public interest in the condition of our sea-coast defences, would seem to be a most seasonable time for reviewing the strenuous but almost fruitless efforts which have been made during the past ten years to repair and enlarge our old fortifications, to add new systems to those now existing, and to bring our armament to the standard of the times.

## THE DUTY AND NECESSITY OF PREPARATION.

The termination of the war of the rebellion found our land defences in a most formidable condition. They were second to those of no other country, and probably were superior to them. The only weak point in the system was possibly the skill and discipline of our sea-coast artillery troops, many of which had not received the technical training which is considered indispensable to the thorough education of the artillery soldier. Nevertheless they were sufficient in numbers, if not in technique, and were ready with their guns whenever called on.

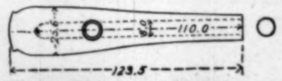

Fig. 1.—8-inch Smooth-bore Gun. Cast-Iron. Weight—4 Tons.

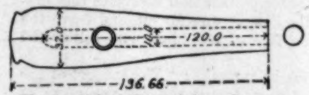

Fig. 2.—10-inch Smooth-bore Gun. Cast-Iron. Weight—7 Tons.

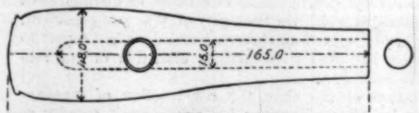

Fig. 3.—15-inch Smooth-bore Gun. Cast-Iron. Weight—20 Tons.

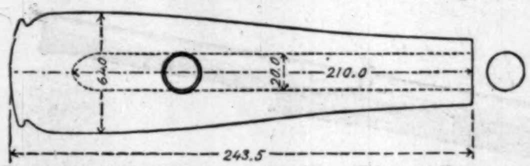

Fig. 4.—20-inch Smooth-bore Gun. Cast-Iron. Weight—51 Tons.

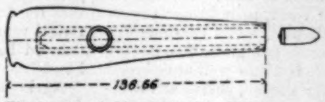

Fig. 5.—8-inch Muzzle-loading Rifle. Converted. Weight—7 Tons.

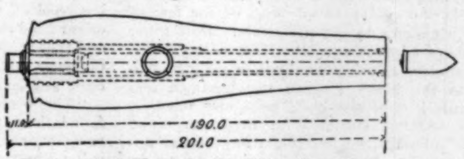

Fig. 6.—11-inch Muzzle-loading Rifle. Converted. Weight—24.5 Tons.

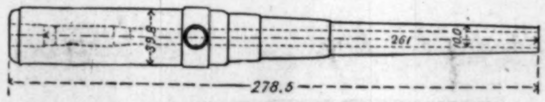

Fig. 7.—8-inch Breech-loading Rifle. Steel. Weight—13 Tons.

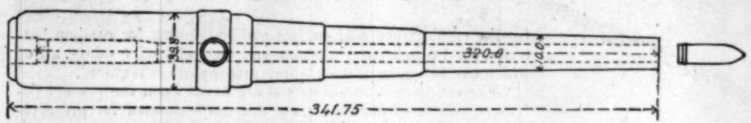

Fig. 8.—10-inch Breech-loading Rifle. Steel. Weight—27 Tons.

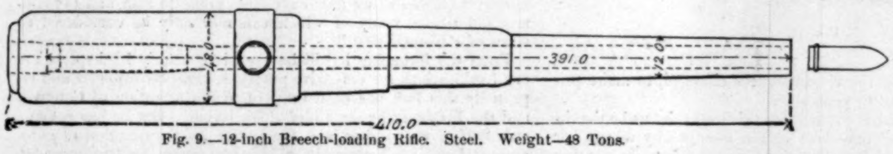

Fig. 9.—12-inch Breech-loading Rifle. Steel. Weight—48 Tons.

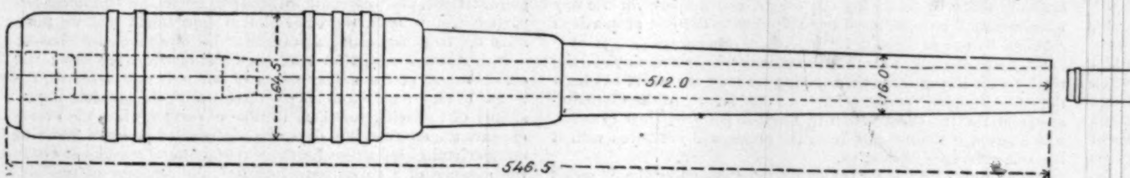

Fig. 10.—16-inch Breech-loading Rifle. Steel. Weight—115 Tons.

Nearly twenty-three years have elapsed since our fortifications were properly or generally garrisoned; many of them—in fact a large number—have had no garrison at all, and saving the presence of a solitary ordnance-sergeant are still unoccupied, thus permitting time and the elements to carry on unmolested the noiseless but unceasing ravages which cause destruction, and which, if unrestrained, will reduce to ruins ere long our once formidable defences.

As a result of similar indifference to the military needs of the country, the army and navy have been reduced to a handful of men and a few ships, so that to-day this country, in a military sense, is the least prepared for war of any of the greater nations of the earth. We are not, in fact, as well able to cope with a foreign enemy as we were in 1861, because at that date our army was about as effective as it is now, while our guns and sea-coast forts were relatively far superior, and only needed garrisons to render them invulnerable against the ships and guns then afloat. But to the navy of any maritime power of the present day they would prove no great obstacle. While still formidable in appearance, they are without material strength, the introduction of rifled cannon and armored ships having deprived them of all claim to efficiency. Compared with the defences of other countries they are as delusive as is our whole military system when compared with those of other intelligent nations, but in boasting of which we so often plume ourselves.

It is not wise to infer from the experience of the recent civil war that because the government was finally sustained, and the Northern and Western armies were victorious over those of the South, that our military strength is equal to *any* demand that may be made on it hereafter. Had the army of the United States been confronted in 1861 on the battle-field of Bull Run with such an army as it subsequently met on the field of Five Forks in 1865, not only would it have been routed, but captured, and every Northern city from Washington to New York would have been occupied.

It is only against hastily improvised armies and navies that we may hope for success while our military system remains what it is. Against well-disciplined and thoroughly instructed armies and modern navies we cannot hold our own until by the experience of marches, bivouacs, battles, defeats, and heavy contributions the government has learned that in time of peace we must prepare for war, and that no matter what our military aptitude and bravery may be, organization, discipline, and instruction are indispensable if we would guard against a Bull Run defeat at the hands of a foreign army.

Every great nation except this observes this wise maxim, and is prepared at least to defend its territory against *invasion* by land or sea. We, on the contrary, are not only unprepared for such a contingency, but judging by the experience of the past, will make no adequate preparation until the presence of imminent danger forces Congress to take appropriate action. We are going on as if dangers such as we have already escaped would never again beset our path, or, if they should, that we will be given, as in 1861, four years in which to defeat the enemy, and prepare for another era of military oblivion. No amount of eloquence, no presentation of facts, however startling, has been sufficient to convince our people of the necessity of changing our military system as far as it applies to the army, and therefore until cruel experience has formed public opinion we may expect to meet such armies as may threaten our territory with just such forces as have fought all the first battles of every war in which we have been engaged since the battle of Bunker Hill. But we may not expect to escape with such immunity. Modern warfare waged by a thoroughly organized, disciplined, and well-commanded army, against a country unprepared to meet it, means, as in the case of Denmark in 1863, Austria in 1866, of France in 1870, of Turkey, 1877–8, the humiliation and temporarily the entire subjection of the government, coupled with the payment of such indemnities as to completely satisfy all demands of the victor. These indemnities are almost ruinous, and are intended not only to reimburse, but to enrich, the victor, and to cripple, and if possible to beggar, the vanquished. They reach such gigantic figures that they constitute in themselves a powerful reason, and one which no wise statesman will disregard, why the duty of preparation should be faithfully performed.

Five thousand millions of dollars would not be an excessive indemnity for a country as rich as this to pay—a sum almost sufficient to bring upon us on some pretext a war of recuperation by a combination of impecunious foreign nations; a sum large enough to maintain an efficient army and navy for a hundred and fifty years to come, and at the same time render our seaports impregnable, our military communications perfect, and our military system worthy of a free and intelligent people. But such an indemnity would not represent by any means the cost of a war even of brief duration. Experience has shown that for every thousand volunteers brought into the service we may add a million to the military budget, to say nothing of the navy. Two hundred thousand volunteers—a mere fraction of the army that would be required in the event of a foreign war—would cost, therefore, in one year more than enough to place our seaports in such a state of defence that no foreign nation would hazard a war with this country. The reverse of this, however, is strictly true. Our defenceless seaports not only invite attack, but render it certain that such attack, if made with a combined land and naval force, would be irresistible at the outset, and that we might confidently expect a greater disaster than has ever yet befallen the country. But there is nothing new in this statement.

## UNHEEDED WARNINGS.

Every year during the past decade the people have been most impressively warned of their danger by those who, under our laws, are charged with the necessary preparations for defence.

In his annual report of 1876, the Chief of Engineers thus refers to this subject: "In the event of a war with a maritime nation, if we had no well-digested system of sea-coast defence ready for use, the cruisers and war vessels of the enemy could run into our harbors, and without landing could either destroy the property along the shores, or else lay the people under contribution. The accurate detailed charts of our harbors and channels, published by the United States Coast Survey, are accessible to all such nations, and are doubtless in their possession. If the enemy possesses depots and arsenals in close proximity to our shores, the arrival of such armed vessels will follow in a few hours after the declaration of war. Thirty-six hours' steaming could bring vessels from Halifax, six hours vessels from Havana, and ninety-six hours vessels from Victoria, Vancouver's Island, to important harbors of the United States. There might be very little time for preparation to meet the assaults of iron-plated ships, for they are . . . . more powerful than any we have in our service. With a fleet or even a single vessel of this kind in one of our harbors it would be of no avail to collect troops in the city or town threatened. Suppose with our railroad facilities we could concentrate 100,000 men in twenty-four hours at the point threatened, of what use would they be against the armored ship? Suppose that in a night the men concentrated could throw up earthworks and mount 32-pounders, 42-pounders, 100-pounder rifles (even if it were possible to handle guns of this small size with the rapidity assumed), what injury could all this do to the armored ship in question?"

Again, in his annual report for 1877, he says: "The urgent need for the preparation of our chief harbors for successful resistance to the powerful iron-clad fleets of the present day has been frequently presented in the annual reports and other papers of this office. Referring to these papers, in which the necessity for this preparation in advance of the emergency has been explained in detail, I again urge the adoption of some reasonable system of annual expenditure upon our harbor defences."

And again in his report of 1879: "The disasters of the first three months of a war, under the present condition of defences, might cost the nation tenfold the expenditure that would be needed to thoroughly protect our coasts against attack. Our great cities, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, New Orleans, Baltimore, and Washington, should they fall into the hands of an enemy, would suffer ten times more than the cost of all the forts necessary to secure them against disaster. But such reverses would also be great calamities to the nation, crippling its war power."

In his report of 1880, after discussing the subject at considerable length, the Chief of Engineers says, in conclusion: "With old casemated works (than which there were none better in the world in their day) designed long before the introduction of the 800 to 2000 pounder rifled guns into modern warfare; their walls pierced for guns long since out of date; without iron armor or shields, and but partially armed, even with the old ordnance; with old earthworks, some of them built in the last century; with new ones for modern guns and mortars but partially built and rapidly being destroyed by the elements by reason of their incompletion; with gun batteries without guns and mortar batteries without mortars; with no carriages whatever for barbette guns of large size, except such as require the cannoneers to load from the tops of parapets, from which they can be picked off in detail by the enemy's sharp-shooters; with an excellent defensive torpedo system developed at our torpedo school at Willet's Point, but only partially carried into effect; with but a very small number of our works prepared with the torpedo casemates and galleries necessary for securing the electrical apparatus from the enemy's fire, and for conducting the electric wires to the torpedo lines which must be laid when the day of trial comes, and with less than 200 engineer soldiers educated for torpedo and other engineer service instead of the 752 men now authorized by law, and of whom not less than 520 ought to be ready to supply the detachments required for torpedo duty in our fortified harbors—we can make but a feeble defence against the powerful fleets, now prepared and rapidly increasing, which will sooner or later be brought against us by some of the most powerful maritime nations of the earth, or by others nearer at hand, whose offensive naval means exceed our own, and whose powers are not to be despised."

In his report for 1881 the Chief of Engineers says: "It is again my duty to invite attention to the importance of early and reasonable expenditures on our sea-coast defences, but I can make no better exposition of the necessity of a *commencement*, if nothing more, in the modification of and additions to our works of fortifications on which the safety of our maritime cities, our navy-yards, and depots of supply must sooner or later depend, than by repeating the views which were presented in my last annual report. For many years no appropriations whatever have been made for the construction of new works or for the modifications of the old works. . . . . While other maritime nations are adding to their already powerful navies heavily armored ships of war, which are armed with 81 and 100 ton guns, and which cost, exclusive of armament, more than two and a half millions of dollars, they are building armored defences for the protection of their own coasts. Great Britain has already more than five hundred guns in position behind armored defences. We have not one such gun, nor have we any armored defences whatever. I think it is plainly demonstrated in the remarks which follow, taken from my last annual report, not only that reliance can be placed on no other mode of defence of our sea-coast, but that fortifications and torpedoes furnish the most efficient, most enduring, and least expensive mode of such defence; and I earnestly hope that Congress may be induced to grant for the next fiscal year a reasonable amount for the resumption of work on our sea-coast defences."

In his report for 1882 the Chief of Engineers again invites at-

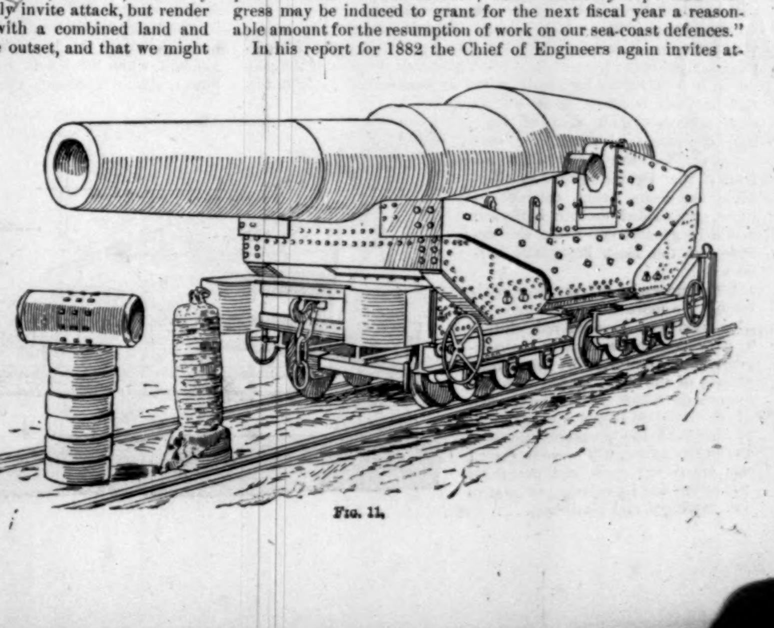

FIG. 11.

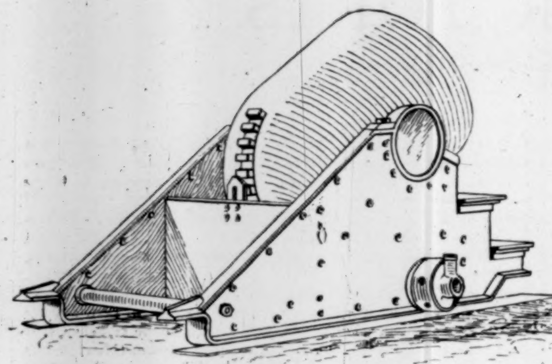

FIG. 12.

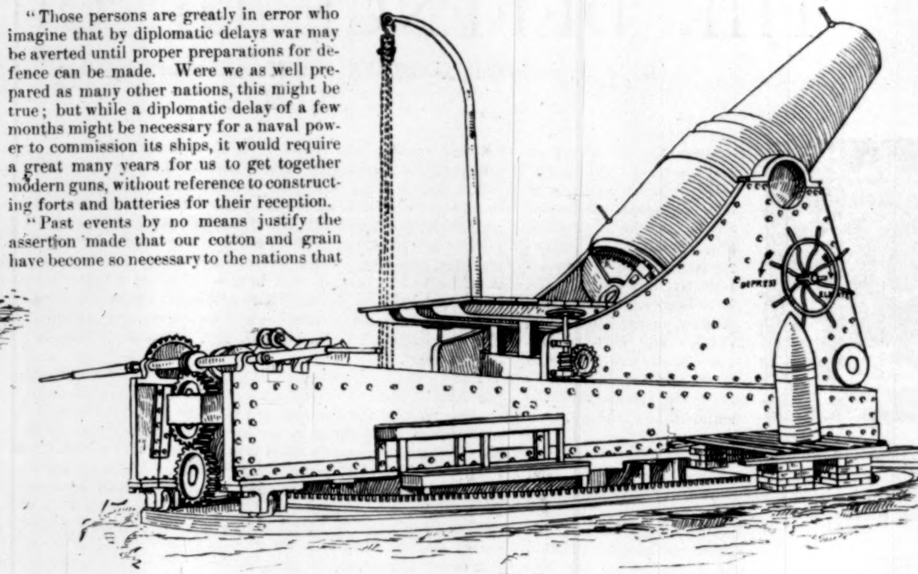

FIG. 13.

tention to this subject as follows: "In former elaborate reports from this department, especially the reports for the years 1880 and 1881, it has been endeavored to invoke the attention to our unpreparedness for war, and to show that modern fortifications require many years for their construction, and that we are almost utterly lacking in such fortifications; that neither our geographical position, nor our forbearance, nor the equity of our policy, can avail to prevent our being engaged, sooner or later, in foreign war; that when war comes, in these days, it often comes suddenly; that to be prepared for war is often to prevent it; that some of the richest of our cities and the most important of our navy-yards and arsenals for supply for our armies are within easy reach of the naval depots of some of the most powerful of maritime nations, and that in a few days after the declaration of war it is possible for the enemy's fleet to run into our harbors and in a few hours destroy immense amounts of the property which, under present conditions, would be exposed to his shot and shell, and which has been estimated at $2,000,000,000, that, however powerful in number and valor our armies may be, without the aid of fortifications and their accessories, they cannot prevent the destruction of our seaboard cities by the ships of a maritime foe; and that, while reliance can be had in no other mode of defence, a defence by fortifications and torpedoes is the most efficient, the most enduring, and the least expensive:...

"It is believed that there is hardly any civilized nation so illy prepared for war, so far as the maritime defences are concerned, as the United States."

In his report of 1884, he writes: "The resistance of some to all measures for defence of harbors cannot be better exemplified than by their assertions at one time that guns are no longer necessary after the invention of torpedoes, and at another, when the purchase of torpedo cases, of which a very large number is necessary, is asked for, they find the objection that an improved pattern may hereafter be found. It is impossible to conceive how an improvement in torpedo cases can ever make a change in the results of a charge of dynamite placed under a vessel's bottom; but with those who are determined to have no defences any excuse is sufficient. Anothor plea to dispense with defences is the well-worn one that there is needed only an improvised fort or battery of earth or sand thrown up to meet the emergency.

"Even with the old-fashioned guns of an early date, such as 18, 24, 32, and 42 pounders, it was found necessary to construct substantial platforms of masonry to support them, and to fasten pintles of iron into this mass of masonry to hold the carriage when the gun was fired, and a considerable time was, moreover, found necessary for the mass to harden and set up. When the 10-inch and afterward the 15-inch guns were introduced, the platforms of masonry were proportionately increased, and in addition magazines for powder and shell were built close alongside to save the transportation of the heavy charges.

"Now the weight of the projectile has increased from 500 pounds to 2000 pounds, and the limit is not perhaps reached yet. In addition to magazines for powder and shell, with lifts to raise the charges, there are required engine and boiler rooms for motive power to load and manipulate the gun, and all of these—magazines, engine and boiler rooms, etc.—must be made shot and shell proof against projectiles capable of penetrating sixty feet of sand and between thirty and forty feet of concrete masonry.

"The persons who tell us to wait for war, and then to improvise a sand heap as a fort, without making any provision for emplacements for the guns or for their service, either assume the people to be profoundly ignorant, or are so themselves....Iron turrets for the heaviest guns, to secure the maximum field of fire; iron casemates, with ports or embrasures, for the next class of guns; the lighter guns in barbette on disappearing carriages—these, with rifled mortar batteries, would in general constitute the defence of the most important harbors.

"The necessity of complete shelter for the more important guns of a position will be rendered clearer by the consideration that a bombardment of the batteries by the lighter vessels of the fleet, armed with the long-range 8-inch and 10-inch guns of the modern type, which would probably be the first operations of the enemy's fleet, will serve to search out uncovered guns, and put them out of service by injuries, at least to the carriages and platforms....

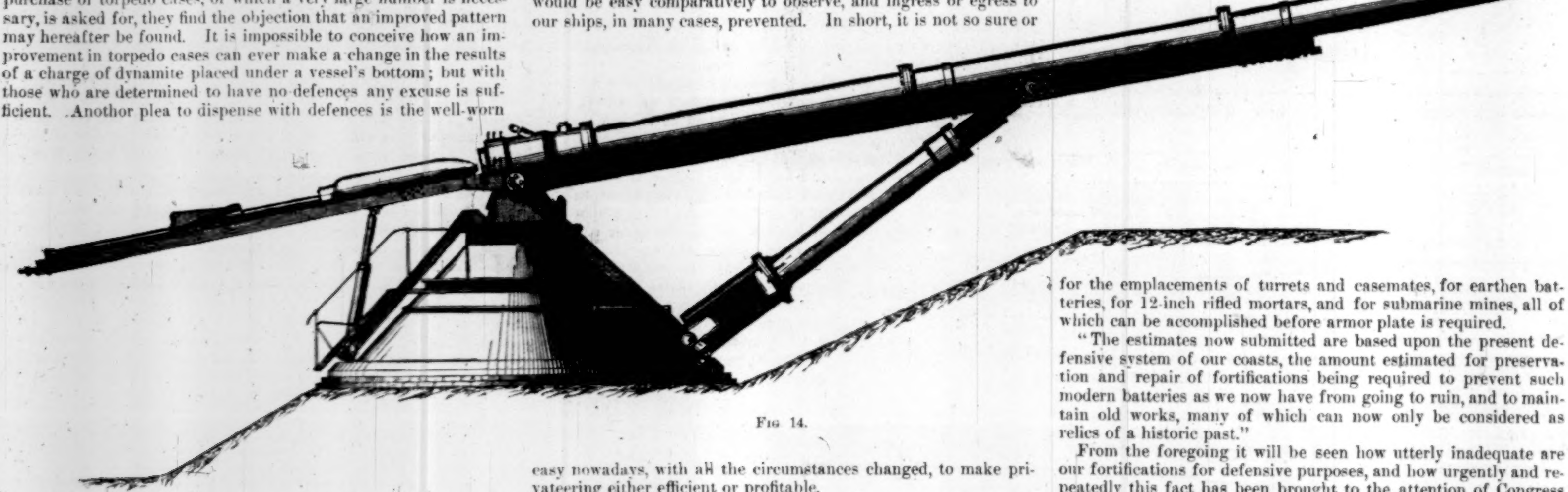

FIG 14.

"Those persons are greatly in error who imagine that by diplomatic delays war may be averted until proper preparations for defence can be made. Were we as well prepared as many other nations, this might be true; but while a diplomatic delay of a few months might be necessary for a naval power to commission its ships, it would require a great many years for us to get together modern guns, without reference to constructing forts and batteries for their reception.

"Past events by no means justify the assertion made that our cotton and grain have become so necessary to the nations that they could not engage in war with us *for a short period* without the interruption of their supplies of these articles. It seems to be forgotten that a descent upon our coast, to hold our unprotected cities under the guns of a hostile fleet, would consume but a few months, and in the mean time cotton and grain in sufficient quantity might be obtained elsewhere. Let it be well understood that the modern system is to make war sudden, sharp, and decisive, and to make the beaten party pay expenses. It is also said by some that England, which has largely the carrying trade of the world, would be very chary of going to war with us, for fear of depredations upon her commerce by our privateers. During the war of 1812 our Baltimore clippers and other fast sailers did, it is true, distinguish themselves as privateers by their sailing qualities, in comparison to the heavy English merchantmen and men-of-war. But all this is now changed: privateers must be steamers. Where are our fast steamers for these purposes? How long would it take to build them, and might not the war terminate before one was afloat? How many fast steamers might not England put in pursuit of one of ours? England has coaling stations all over the world for her cruisers. Where are ours? The infrequent stations at which our steamers might obtain coal would be easy comparatively to observe, and ingress or egress to our ships, in many cases, prevented. In short, it is not so sure or easy nowadays, with all the circumstances changed, to make privateering either efficient or profitable.

"But granting all that is claimed for privateers, let us be thankful for delay, and avail ourselves of the opportunity to put our house in order by fortifying our coasts, and prepare for the day when we shall have restored our shipping to the just proportions required by our national developments in other ways.

"Let us remember also that the growth of our shipping and the rivalry with England for the carrying trade of the world has been the cause assigned by some for the favor shown to the Confederates, and for the construction in English ports of their cruisers, which swept our commerce from the ocean, and destroyed with it her sole grievance against us.

"If a future struggle for the supremacy in shipping should result in war, let us at least enter it with our harbors and cities well protected, so that our merchantmen, and even naval vessels, may have places of refuge without fear of capture at our wharves.

"Should, however, the evil day come and find us without modern guns, without sufficiency of torpedoes, without fortifications except the sand heaps which form the staple quotation, without emplacements for the guns, if we had them, or magazines, or machinery for loading or manœuvring, or any facilities whatever for shelter of guns and cannoneers against shells and machine-guns, it is to be feared we would not cordially welcome the prophet who, having opposed timely preparations, promised that in the supreme moment, when the hostile iron-clads, whatever their strength and power, should approach the harbor of New York, they would be turned back somehow, without explaining how, by 'Yankee energy, Yankee skill, Yankee inventive genius.' It is to be feared that the first flash of the monster guns would dissipate this oratorical vapor, emitted when the danger was far off, and leave the deluded hearers to realize the fate of the blind who follow the blind."

Again, in his report for 1886, he remarks: "The subject of the defensive system of the country, so far as regards the ports at which fortifications or other defences are most urgently required, has received the careful consideration of a board of distinguished officers and civilians, of which the Secretary of War was president, and that board has submitted an elaborate and complete report to Congress, showing the utterly defenceless condition of our sea-coast and lake frontier.....

"The preparation of the sites, the construction of masonry foundations, the building of mortar batteries—work equally as necessary as that of procuring armor—will demand much time, and it is earnestly recommended that funds be at once appropriated for the emplacements of turrets and casemates, for earthen batteries, for 12-inch rifled mortars, and for submarine mines, all of which can be accomplished before armor plate is required.

"The estimates now submitted are based upon the present defensive system of our coasts, the amount estimated for preservation and repair of fortifications being required to prevent such modern batteries as we now have from going to ruin, and to maintain old works, many of which can now only be considered as relics of a historic past."

From the foregoing it will be seen how utterly inadequate are our fortifications for defensive purposes, and how urgently and repeatedly this fact has been brought to the attention of Congress and the President by our Chief of Engineers. But he has covered only half of the subject, viz., the forts. As the question of guns, gun-carriages, and ammunition is intrusted to the Ordnance Department, it is from the chief of that department that we must learn the truth respecting armament. Let him speak for himself.

In his annual report for 1877 the Chief of Ordnance says: "A consideration of the urgent wants of our sea-coast defences, the length of time required to supply those wants, the absolute impossibility of providing for them in time of danger, when the events of years are crowded into days, the wisdom and policy of fostering our mechanical industries for the manufacture of warlike stores in the absence of a government foundery, the economy of products which are the results of paying orders and steady labor, satisfies me that a permanent annual appropriation for the armament of fortifications would be most judicious and satisfactory in the interest of the public purse and the public service."

Again in 1878 he writes: "Irrespective, however, of any consideration of persons or profit, the present urgent wants of our forts for armament, and the impossibility of supplying it except by slow and careful process, incompatible with the rush of events in impending war, the economy of working at present prices, besides giving the idle mechanic the privilege of laboring for his bread, all appeal to Congress for a large permanent annual appropriation for this national necessity."

In 1879 he says: "My convictions as to the soundness of the policy of extending governmental support to, and thereby actually keeping in existence, the only establishments in the country organized and fitted to fabricate heavy ordnance, are deepened by a fuller consciousness of how inadequataly we are provided in this respect for even common emergencies. This, taken in connection with the fact that our present sea-coast armament (principally composed of smooth-bores) is almost useless for coping with the heavy artillery of the present, leads me again to urgently recommend that Congress be asked to consider the granting of liberal appropriations for our national defences as a matter of the first importance."

Again he remarks in 1880: "The want of certain portions of plant to enable the founderies to undertake the manufacture of guns larger than

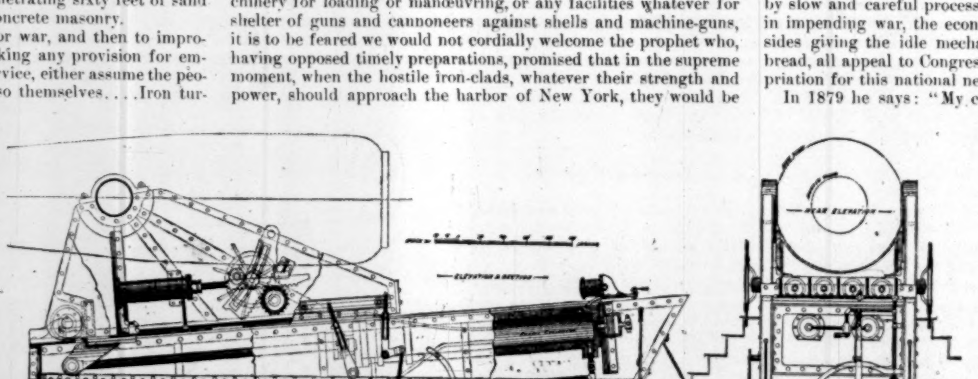

FIG. 15.

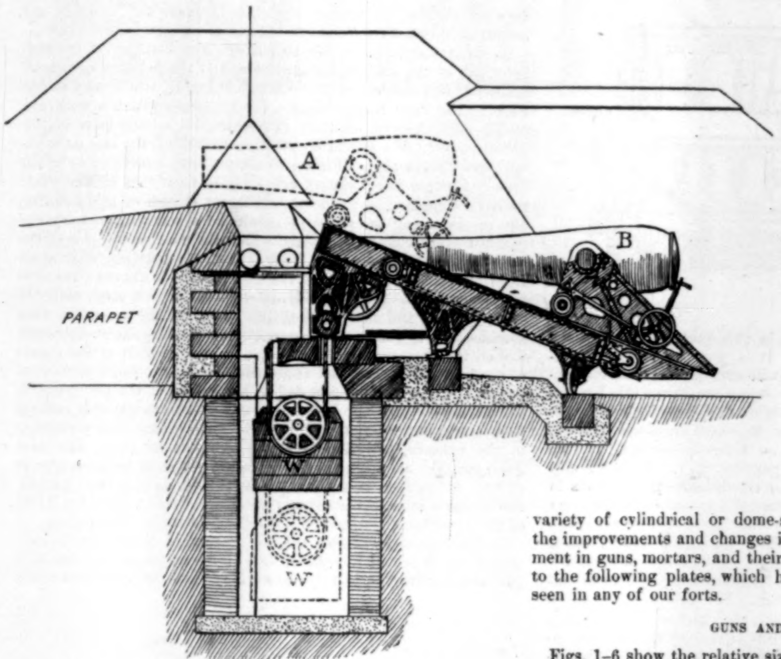

Fig. 16.

any heretofore made in this country, and the necessity that the department should supply a portion of it in aid of the enterprise, the long and tedious examinations and calculations to reach the exact cost that would pay the founderies a fair profit for their labor and risk, delayed the placing of contracts for some time. All this has, however, been satisfactorily settled, and the work will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

"No stronger argument in favor of large annual appropriations can be stated than the fact that the first of these four guns will be completed and delivered to us in sixteen months, the second in eighteen months, the third in twenty months, the fourth in twenty-two months, or about two years after the passage of the bill making the appropriation."

In 1883 the Gun Foundery Board assembled. It was composed of distinguished army and navy officers, and was appointed by the President under an act of Congress of March, 1883, "to designate a navy-yard or arsenal for a government gun foundery, to advise as to the method of manufacturing heavy ordnance, and to estimate the cost of buildings and implements for making the heaviest guns." The board visited the principal gun founderies of Europe, and submitted a most instructive report. The principal conclusions of the board were that while it would be judicious to establish gun *factories* (two) where the parts of the gun could be put together, those parts, heavy castings, should be manufactured by private industries, in order to attract them to the aid of the government, and induce the manufacture of steel. The board estimated that at least three years would be required to complete the tools, construct the shops, and establish the plant necessary for the establishment of the proposed gun factories.

The Fortifications Board, to which reference is made by the Chief of Engineers, was created by act of Congress, 1885. The members were appointed by the President, and consisted of the Secretary of War, the chiefs of Ordnance and Engineers, two additional army officers, one of Ordnance and one of Engineers, two naval officers, and two civilians distinguished for their interest in and knowledge of the subjects to be investigated.

This board was in session nine months, and after examining into all foreign methods of defence, the fabrication of guns and armor, and after having taken the testimony of all the prominent steel and iron experts and manufacturers in this country, made an elaborate report, covering all information necessary in classifying our harbors according to their commercial and military importance, and in determining what was needed for their defence.

After referring to the inefficient condition of our forts and armament, the board says: "It is of no advantage to conceal the facts that the ports along our sea-coast—a length of about 4000 miles, not including Alaska—invite naval attack; nor that our richest ports, from their greater depth of water and capacity to admit the largest and most formidable armored ships, are of all the most defenceless. The property at stake, exposed to easy capture and destruction, would amount to billions of dollars, and the contributions which could be levied by a hostile fleet upon our seaports should be reckoned at hundreds of millions.

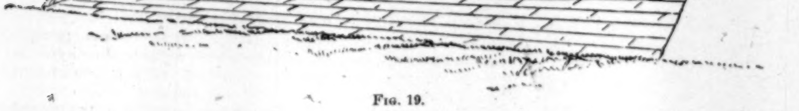

Fig. 19.

"It is impossible to understand the supineness which has kept this nation quiet, allowing its floating and shore defences to become obsolete and effete, without making an effort to keep progress with the age, while other nations, besides constructing powerful navies, have not considered themselves secure without large expenditures for fortifications, including armored forts."

In addition to these statements, many committees of Congress and select boards composed of military and civil experts have fully investigated the subject of coast defence, and their reports are accessible to any one interested in it.

From such different sources one might expect a difference of views on so important a subject, but there is none. It is the concurrent opinion of all intelligent persons who have examined the subject that the case has not been overstated, that the danger is great, the duty of preparation imperative, and that it will take years to perform it.

### TYPES OF DEFENSIVE WORKS, GUNS, ETC.

The principal harbors of England and of Continental countries are now defended by earthen barbette and mortar batteries, casemated forts of stone armor-plated, or by turrets or towers of iron and steel, and some by a combination of all these, together with mines and torpedoes, movable and fixed. While the torpedo system is one of the chief means adopted by all nations in the defence of their ports, the scope of this article will not permit a description of the various kinds or uses of torpedoes. The armor-plated casemates referred to are generally the old casemate forts cut down and remodelled, while the turrets and towers are of a variety of cylindrical or dome-shaped forms. For some idea of the improvements and changes in forts, as well as to the development in guns, mortars, and their carriages, the reader is referred to the following plates, which he can compare with what can be seen in any of our forts.

### GUNS AND MORTARS.

Figs. 1–6 show the relative size of the guns now in our service, and Figs. 7–10 those deemed necessary to cope with foreign ordnance. But the comparison need not end with the plate. It is reported that Herr KRUPP is now making a gun which, when finished, will weigh 147 tons, with a projectile of 3304 pounds. The range of this gun will be between ten and twelve miles. Fig. 11 is a perspective view of the English 81-ton gun, once a monster, but which is small by comparison with the gun just referred to.

As the defence of our harbors will depend largely on the use of mortars, Figs. 12 and 13 show the old 13-inch and new 12-inch sea-coast mortars; the latter is in reality a howitzer rather than a mortar, although so called. A mortar is fired at high angles of elevation; that is, between 45° and 75°. The projectile reaches a great altitude, and therefore has considerable velocity on striking. As the accuracy of mortar fire when directed against a moving object is uncertain, it is proposed to employ mortars in large numbers for the purpose of increasing the chances of hitting and crashing through the decks of the enemy's iron-clads; the deck is the most vulnerable of the exposed parts of the ship, but inaccessible to direct shots, except from guns on elevated positions. The 12-inch mortar fires a 600-pound shell with 70 pounds of powder, and has a range of about six miles. In its flight at 75° elevation the shell ascends to about three miles, the greatest height ever reached by a projectile. We have two of these mortars; we need about one thousand.

### THE PNEUMATIC TORPEDO GUN.

The object of the pneumatic gun is to overcome the danger, heretofore believed to be irremovable, of firing shells loaded with such sensitive explosives as dynamite, gelatine, nitro-glycerine, etc., from ordinary sea-coast guns. High explosives are more or less sensitive to shock and heat, both of which are incident to the discharge of powder from a gun, and hence it was supposed could not be used for charging shells, when the weight of the bursting charge is a large part of the weight of the projectile. The force used to project the torpedo or shell of the pneumatic gun is compressed air, which generates no heat, and has a uniform pressure and assured gentle action on the projectile at the moment of discharge.

Fig. 14 is an illustration of the 15-inch pneumatic gun now in course of construction, and which will be mounted for trial at Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor. The torpedo, which is shown at *a* in position for loading, will contain 600 pounds of explosive gelatine, and will be, for many purposes, the most formidable projectile now in use. Through the efforts of Captain ZALINSKI, of the artillery, the development of the pneumatic torpedo gun has been made successful. Its rôle in war remains to be determined somewhat by experience, but it is likely that, unless superseded by a powder gun, it will take part in all military operations which require the service of either siege or sea-coast guns. In the destruction of submarine mines and fixed torpedoes, and in the attack by vertical fire of fortifications, it is probably unsurpassed at the present day. It is an American invention, and is another illustration of the great inventive genius of the age and of our people.

### GUN-CARRIAGES.

Few people not familiar with artillery appliances have any conception of the complex machinery of a modern gun-carriage, which for a sea-coast gun weighs and costs about one-half as much as the gun, and needs almost as much time for its construction and the experimental trials. Owing to its great weight and that of the gun, the application of steam or other potent force is indispensable to the necessary rapidity of manœuvre, and hydraulic jacks for lifting, pneumatic cylinders for checking the recoil, and various levers for moving the gun by hand, for opening and closing the breech, and hoisting and inserting the charge, comprise a series of machines which require for their manipulation and repair the constant attention of a skilled mechanical engineer.

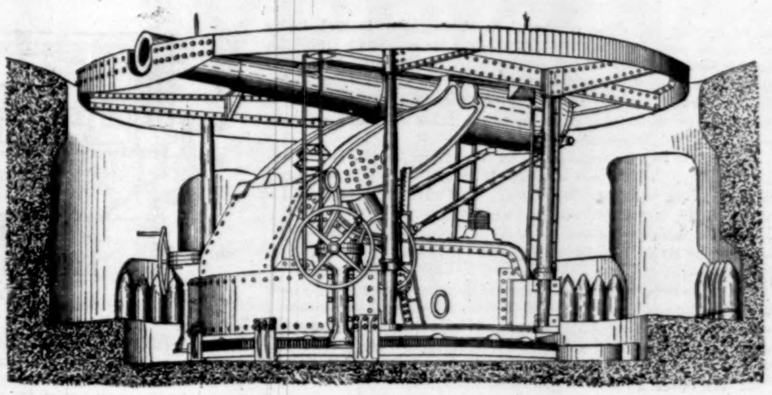

Fig. 17.

Fig. 15 represents a gun-carriage of this type, which may serve to illustrate more forcibly what has been said, and remove the impression which appears to prevail that a gun-carriage is a simple contrivance which can be had for the asking.

Among other devices which will largely compose the armament of the forts of this country is the *disappearing gun-carriage*, which is intended to secure protection to the gun and cannoneers without the labor and expense of erecting armored forts or iron turrets. Two systems of disappearing gun-carriages have been adopted: one for muzzle-loaders, which originated with Colonel MONCRIEFF, of the English army, and is represented in this country by Major KING'S carriage (Fig. 16); and the other for breech-loaders. The best form of the latter is probably the ELSNICK hydro-pneumatic carriage (Figs. 17, 18).

Major KING'S carriage is adapted to guns of the largest calibre. When in position for firing, the gun is at A; its recoil carries it down the incline to B, below the parapet, where it is protected against direct fire and loaded. In moving from A to B the gun raises a counterpoise weight, W, which in descending returns the gun to A. For drill purposes the gun can be moved by the endless chains on the sides of the carriage. This carriage is also known as the counterpoise carriage.

The operation of the ELSNICK carriage can be understood by an examination of the plate, and requires no special explanation. When at A, the gun is ready for firing; when at B, for loading. The recoil carries it from A to B, the motion being controlled by a hydro-pneumatic cylinder.

The frame above the gun supports a shield which serves to protect the gun and cannoneers from the splinters of shell and case-shot. This carriage is also adapted to the service of the heaviest guns, although the latter are best served and protected behind armor.

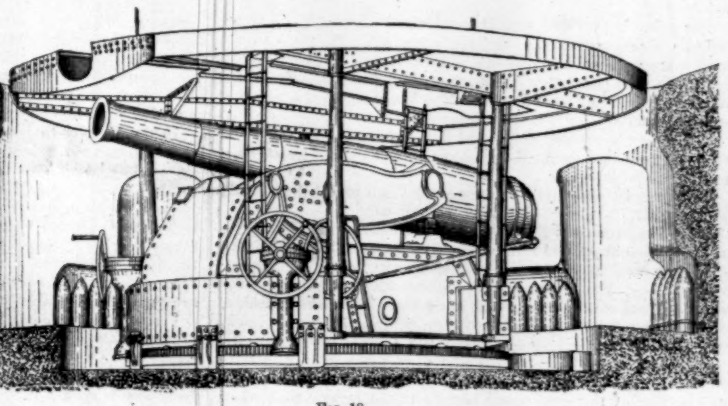

Fig. 18.

### TURRETS AND ARMORED BATTERIES.

Figs. 19 and 20* give a front and interior view (section) of a GRÜSON armored battery. The embrasures or port plates are made of chilled iron. The adjoining edges of the plates are planed and grooved, and when fitted are made firm by melted zinc, or iron keys. Owing to the weight of the plates, no other fitting is necessary.

Fig. 21 shows the interior of a GRÜSON turret of chilled iron.

The dome-shaped cupola rests on a wrought-iron substructure, which rotates on a live roller running on a roller path fixed to the foundation. The dome plates are grooved and fastened as in the armored battery. The turret revolves, and thus gives the widest field of fire.

Below will be found a brief description of the German cupola and French tower. The former is dome-shaped, the latter cylindrical; both are of metal, and capable of offering good resistance.

Fig. 22† shows the interior section of an iron-plated casemated English fort at Spithead. The drawing is so perfect

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* From JULIUS VON SCHUTZ, engineer of GRÜSON'S Works.
† By Captain ORDE BROWNE, R.A.

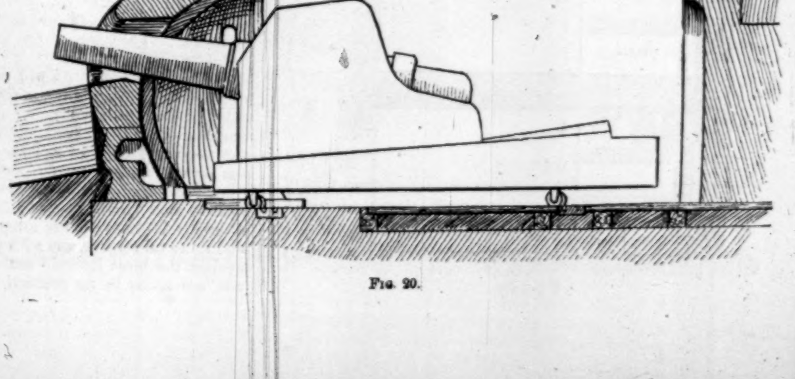

Fig. 20.